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State Librarian

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SENATOR MORGAN AND THE UNION PACIFIC.

During the last session of Congress, our readers will remember, we published a good deal of literature, including several editorials, directed against the then pending funding bill for the Union Pacific Railroad. Our attention was called to the matter by Mr. W. R. Hearst, (of the New York Journal, but as) editor of the San Francisco Examiner. Democrats and Republicans alike of the Pacific Slope opposed the bill and, by the aid of Senator Morgan and other Bryan Democrats, the villainous measure was defeated.

No sooner had this been done than the President (Mr. Cleveland), in the closing hours of his administration, took steps practically to nullify the action of Congress. Like others of his acts in dealing with the moneyed interests of the people, this was also characterized by secret methods. Like those other acts, also, they were in the interest of moneyed syndicates and vastly injurious to the interests of the people at large.

Judge Walter Clark sends us a copy of the San Francisco Examiner, of the 7th instant, in which a page of fine type is devoted to a description of the ovation with which the great Alabamian was received in that city, and to a report of the speech which he delivered on the subject of the status of the Union Pacific case.

It appears that a sub-committee in the Senate has the matter in charge during the recess and will probably ask the President to revoke Mr. Cleveland's action as one without warrant of law. The main object of Senator Morgan's speech was to arouse the Californians to the necessity of stiffening Mr. McKinley's backbone in such behalf.

Mr. Cleveland, through his attorney general Harmon, made a private contract, Senator Morgan declares, with one Fitzgerald, of New York, representing a private syndicate. Senator Harris, of Kansas, (who, when a civil engineer, had built the Leavenworth branch of the road years ago, and was conversant with the history of the whole road, this Oakes Ames road, from beginning to end), introduced a resolution in the Senate before it adjourned, the other day, requesting President McKinley not to carry into effect the contract made by Grover Cleveland with the Fitzgerald syndicate for the sale of the road. In the discussion that ensued it was disclosed that Mr. Cleveland's contract authorized the sale of the road under the foreclosure for 45 millions of dollars, whereas the road's indebtedness to the government is 70 millions. That leaves a clear 25 millions of dollars of what the Senator calls "pocket lining" for the New York syndicate!

Upon such a state of facts, it might be argued in defence of the "good business" of Mr. Cleveland's unlawful act, that the property was not worth more than the 45 millions stipulated. But the new capitalization of the company under the Fitzgerald plan was 100 millions of dollars in 4 per cent. bonds, 75 millions of 4 per cent. preferred stock, and 61 millions of common stock—in all, 236 millions of dollars' worth of property to be sold for 45 millions!

No wonder Senator Morgan declares that, compared with this plan, thus engineered by Mr. Cleveland, the Credit Mobilier's transactions "become decorations for a high Christian character."

In short, Senator Morgan makes the flat charge that this is a gigantic scheme to defraud the government of many millions, and that Mr. Cleveland engineered it in the interest of a New York syndicate.

Yet we are gravely informed by the goldbugs of North Carolina that Mr. Cleveland is a much abused man.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It may be useful in connection with Senator Morgan's statement concerning Mr. Cleveland's latest unlawful act, to remark that the goldbug papers, the other day, contained a telegram from Princeton, New Jersey, stating that the ex president had given in his property for taxation as $20,000 in realty and about $130,000 in personalty—the distinguished tax-lister being unable to fix the amount definitely because of recent fluctuations in stocks. That was such a circumstantial statement that we turned to the editorial columns of our goldbug contemporaries with the confident expectation that we should find there shouts of triumph over the fact that their hero was not the millionaire whom all sides had agreed in considering him, but had retired from the presidency a comparatively poor man. But they were dumb as oysters. Afterwards, some of the little weekly goldbugs exhibited their arithmetical accomplishments by adding the $20,000 and the $130,000 together, and pointing out—without comment, however—that the great man was worth $150,000. After awhile, perhaps, we shall learn what it all means.

Wilmington Quarantines.

The board of health of New Hanover county met Wednesday and adopted a resolution establishing quarantine against all cities and towns where yellow fever prevails.

Recollections of Other Days

Correspondence of the Observer.]

FAYETTEVILLE, Sept. 7, 1897.

A recent article in the Wilmington Messenger entitled "*Crusoe's Island*," brings fresh to the memory of the writer many reminiscences of his child hood days. It was the custom in those days for the men of means (not necessarily of wealth) to live in Fayetteville in winter and to move into the (healthy) country in summer. Fayetteville was then considered sickly and it was to risk your life to live there in the summer months or before a good frost had acted on the vegetation. The cause of the terrible malaria poison was due in part, if not entirely, to what was then known as Mumford's swamp, afterwards as Curtis's field, *now* as the busy manufacturing portion of our city. How these changes came about and to whom the honor is due will be stated later.

Crusoe's Island, as the writer terms it, is on Cross Creek and on either side for a mile or more from the stream were the country residences of Captain Crusoe, an old English sea captain, Charles T. Haigh, James Baker, John D Eccles, John Huske, Louis D. Henry, W. B. Wright and Judge Robt. Strange. These were men whom all delighted to honor for their intellectual and social qualities, and in the strictest sense of the word, they were gentlemen. Of these and the incidents connected with their lives it is the intention of the writer to say briefly a few things, for the very mention of their names brings to mind the good old days of the past, when virtue and honor and true patriotism allowed no blemish to stain their good names, or selfishness or the greed of money to lure them away from the path of virtue, and it is for this reason that we delight to remember the things [men] of other days.

The writer of the little scene on Crusoe's Island is not familiar with all the men of those days, for if he had been it would have been his delight with his facile pen to have said much more. He failed to speak of James Baker, at whose home he was sojourning. We remember him well, a quiet, unobtrusive man, but a man of decided character and decided worth, and his home, like the homes of all we have mentioned, was a home where a cordial welcome and true hospitality ever greeted you. To day not a member of the family is left. There were seven sons and two daughters. Of the sons only two have perpetuated the name of the family.

Near Mr. James Baker, (at Eccles ford,) lived John D. Eccles. He had retired from the bar and public life before the writer was old enough to appreciate his worth, but he was one of the most gifted of our intellectual men, a man of sterling worth, a lawyer of great power. I knew his daughters, all of whom inherited his intellectual gifts—only two of these live to day—Mrs. Fanny Lanneau and Mrs. Duncan McLaurin, of Florida. Of these it is useless to write, for many of my readers can testify that they are both charming women, loveable in character and endowed with minds that sparkled with wit and sound good sense.

The next home is on the north side of the creek. It was the home of John Huske, Esq., a man who by the sweetness of his nature brought both old and young to admire him. I need only say of him that he was the father of that saintly man, that man of God, whom we all loved, the Rev. Jos. C. Huske, whose life and character is a goodly heritage to us all. His life was a living example of the true christian and his memory should be ever cherished that we too might leave to our children and our people a name that will bring with it whenever mentioned the true type of a God fearing man. Mr. John Huske was twice married and had seven sons—all are gone; two daughters—Mrs. Isabella Williams and Mrs. Jefferson Robinson, are the last and only survivors of this large family.

Next and a near neighbor of Mr. Huske was Louis D. Henry, a lawyer by profession, a gentleman of rare culture and refinement, fluent of speech, captivating and entertaining. His home at Rose Hill was an attractive one. His daughters were highly cultivated and were among the most fascinating. Miss Virginia was the eldest; she married that talented townsman Duncan K. MacRae. Mr. Henry moved to Raleigh and died suddenly of apoplexy a few years after. His wife lived many years after him and there are several of his daughters still living. Louis D., the only son, died young.

WARREN WINSLOW.

Near by lived at that time Warren Winslow, a lawyer of distinction, a learned man, a representative of the people, a Calhoun democrat. Fayetteville should remember him for he did much for the town. For one or two years he was its Mayor, and to him is due in part the wonderful change in the health of the place. Mumford Swamp, then owned by Thos. J. Curtis, was a perfect jungle—so thick with bamboo that it was impenetrable to man. This place was covered with water so deep that wild ducks and other fowl made it a place of rendezvous. It was thought that the draining of this swamp would dispel all malaria, and so a sewer was made from the swamp across Hay street to the creek. Mr. Curtis then cleared the land, and from that day Fayetteville has been free from those awful bilious fevers that carried to an untimely grave so many of its younger people.

To Mayor—(we ought to say Governor Winslow, for he once occupied that seat of honor—) is also due the brick fence and many improvements at the old Cemetery where the bones of so many of our citizens lie interred. Mr. Winslow, though a man of middle age, had then lost none of his youthful vigor, and his love for the beautiful and good was still aglow. In his walks around the cemetery he was struck with the natural beauties of Cross Creek and set to work to build bridges here and there across that beautiful stream—to make winding walks around the hills, building at intervals bowers with seats for the weary and as a protection in case of sudden storm. It was a beautiful place, and his work was greatly appreciated by old and young. It became a place of great resort. Here, on any bright afternoon, and Sunday in particular, you would see the young beaus and their sweethearts promenading or quietly ensconsed in some shady nook telling their tales of *woe*. Many a vow has been made there, and many hearts made glad not only for a little time but for a lifetime by those plighted vows, and there are living today in our good old town some old couples who have gone hand in hand these many years who could a tale unfold as romantic and beautiful as you would read of in the most delightful novel.

Cross Creek has been written of many a time—about its crossing waters, about Flora McDonald, &c., but, if trees and stones could speak, it would tell of many a love match, of barquets and merry making, and 'tis a pity that a place once so beautiful and so fitted by nature for a park should be so neglected.

But how we digress! But is it digression when memory's store house opens out upon the days of our youth and makes us live again for awhile in the past when life was brighter and days were happier and we knew not then what a good time was, for all was good and bright and happy—"O tempora, O mores."

SANDFORD, HARDIN AND WRIGHT.

Before going to another home it is well to tell of the changes that took place. Warren Winslow, after the loss of his wife sold his place to Mr. John W. Sandford. The writer in the Messenger has spoken of him, but where are the children? There was a large and interesting family. All have left the old homestead and sought other climes—their name is scarcely recognized in our town today, except by a few. Mr W. H. Hardin bought Rose Hill when Mr. Henry moved to Raleigh. Mr. Hardin and his sweet, amiable wife taught for many years in the old five cornered house (where J. A. Pemberton, Jr., now lives). Mr. Hardin was the very life of a social gathering. I remember well the twinkle of that little eye, it was so expressive. He was a lovable man, and his profession, to teach the girls, was just adapted to his nature. They are all gone too. Fayetteville knows them not. Mr. W. B. Wright, what a man of statue he was—he was a lawyer successful in his practice—a man of the strictest integrity, respected and admired by all who knew him. The lawyers called him the Father of the bar.

ROBERT STRANGE.

Now we come to one of Fayetteville's most respected and honored ones, Judge Robert Strange—small in statue, but, in intellect, the peer of any in his profession. He was a lawyer of marked ability. But it is useless to say this, for in those days Judges were not chosen because their political works, &c., were more prominent than their brains. Judge Strange was a Democrat, but he associated too much with the Whigs to please his party, and once some aspiring young politician doubted his democracy. He was of nervous, quick, sensitive disposition, and he resented it in a public speech, giving the young aspirant a terrible rasping, and ending by saying that it was hard enough to bear the abuse of the Whigs, but past endurance when one was kicked by a jackass in his own stable. Of the Stranges, James, Robert, John, Alexander and French, only French is living. Mrs. Jos. C. Huske (Miss Margaret) has passed away many years ago, and the writer remembers her with affection. She was a fit wife for that good man, Rev. Jos. C. Huske.

CHARLES T. HAIGH.

Last of all is Charles T. Haigh, an Englishman by birth and education. He came to this country in 1818. He first settled in Charleston. Some business required his attention in Fayetteville, and he was induced to settle here. He was a prosperous and wealthy merchant, much respected and loved, he was full of good works and he added his part to the coterie of gentlemen who then gave to this old town a name for honesty and fair dealing. Mr. Haigh was of a sociable nature, and nothing he loved more than for his friends to share with him the pleasures of his hospitable home.

There were jolly good men in those good old days and the dinners were of frequent occurrence, and they were grand and served to bind more closely the ties of friendship and good feeling among a notable coterie of gentlemen of the old school.

As we have stated before, Cross Creek has been written about often, but along its banks were the summer homes of men who helped to make our dear southland famous for its intelligence and esprit de corps In those days, the woods were abundant with deer and the horn of the hunter and the cry of the dogs in full chase often sent its sweet music reverberating through its hills and dales. I remember well how often these gentlemen led by that prince of good men, Jonathan Evans, met on a summer day to chase the deer; the exciting chase; and then, when they returned, to meet at some neighbor's house to tell of the wonders of the chase and to partake of his hearty good cheer, how joyful they would be, the cares of life were forgotten, all given up to a jolly good time.

EDWARD J. HALE.

In recurring to these scenes of my childhood, the name of one of Fayetteville's and the State's greatest men looms up before me—the name of Edward J. Hale; for nearly all these I have mentioned were his dear friends and intimate associates. Though his home on Haymount and his Summer residence at Eutaw were on a different side of the town, the habit of keeping carriages in those days (not simply buggies and surreys as now) made the interchange of hospitality a comparatively easy matter. Mr. Hale dispensed a princely hospitality. An insight into the habits of those days is afforded when we remember that he never sold or rented what was known as "*the old house*" nearby, but kept it for overflow of company, etc. It was his habit for twenty years before the war, to carry his family off to the famous watering places of this country and Canada during the hot weather, and as his tours became more protracted his use of his country place fell off. But from what I have said it will be seen how much more of leisure and real enjoyment those old times afforded than now.

A nobler man than E. J. Hale never lived. He was the leader of the Whig party in North Carolina, and under his wise guidance the FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER not only supplied news to a vast territory in this and other States, but its views were respected by men of all parties. He was a patriot in the truest sense. His whole life was devoted to his town, his State, his country. For these he spent his large means with unstinted hand. and when the war came he literally gave away his fortune to the cause. Upon what remained, Sherman, embittered against him for his loyalty to the Southern cause, laid his heaviest hand, burning and battering down the splendid old OBSERVER Office and outlying buildings. With the hope of earning enough to return some day to his old home and start life again, he went to New York and established the publishing house of E. J. Hale & Son. But the currency contraction which set in after 1873 caused him heavy losses throughout the South and he was never able to carry out his purpose. He felt that he was an exile in a foreign land, for his heart ever beat for his dear old home in the old town of Fayetteville. He died in New York and was buried in Greenwood. A public meeting was held in Fayetteville and a large meeting of Southerners and others was held in New York. At the latter, Gen'l Roger A. Pryor in a glowing eulogy described him as the ablest constitutional writer in the South in his day. He would never accept office, considering his vocation superior to office holding as well as incompatible with it.

Such were some of the leading spirits who gave our old town a noble name in the past. There were others, of whom I will write hereafter; but the local incident of Crusoe's Island set my thoughts and pen agoing in the direction in which I was most familiar.

Ah! those good old days—made good by good true men. Shall we see their like again? There is nothing like it now. No one has risen up to fill their places and their names, once so familiar, are now buried with their bones. Once in a while we read on some marble slab a brief word or two, but it conveys no idea to this generation of the men of other days.

Peace to their ashes!

A LOVER OF CROSS CREEK.

Under Goldbug Fusion Rule.

Hickory Times.]

1. The Chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Vance county indicted for soliciting a bribe, pleaded nolo contendere and resigned his office in disgrace.

2. The Keeper of the Capitol has been bound over to court for assault with a deadly weapon.

3. The Democratic employees have been turned out of the penitentiary service over the protest of Superintendent Smith who said that such a sudden and sweeping change would cripple the institution.

4. A penitentiary guard was bribed to let a prisoner escape.

5. Ex-Rev. T. W. Babb, who had been expelled from the ministry for drunkenness, lying and other offenses, was elected chaplain of the penitentiary. Though he soon lost his job, he has several times preached to the convicts, under fusion rule, with the consent of the penitentiary authorities.

6. The Auditor and the State Treasurer have sued the ex-Public Printer, alleging that he made over-charges to the amount of $10,000.

7. The ex-Public Printer accuses the State of withholding from ten to fifteen thousand dollars which he claims is justly due him

8. The State Auditor has been made Superintendent of Public Printing at a salary of $30 per month. Thereby a new and unnecessary office has been created.

Smart Sayings by the Atlanta Constitution.

Now that the gold organs have denounced and denied their own campaign arguments, let prosperity come and come with a rush.

Mr. Dingley is not certain whether his tariff law produced short wheat crops abroad or not.

Mr. Hanna had two substitutes in the war. It is wonderful how ferociously some men fought for their country during the war. Undoubtedly Hanna, with two substitutes, was a character for the confederate army to avoid.

Rudyard Kipling's Latest Poem.

St James's Gazette.]

Lady Marjorie Gordon, daughter of Lord Aberdeen, is the editor of *Wee Willie Winkle*, a juvenile magazine, and has just received from Mr. Kipling the following contribution:

"There was once a small boy of Quebec,
Who was buried in snow to his neck.
When asked: Are you friz?
He replied: 'Yes, I is.
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.'"

The interiors of one thousand of the most attractive homes in the United States have been photographed by *The Ladies' Home Journal*. One hundred of the best of these pictures will be reproduced in that magazine. The first article of the series—"Inside of a Hundred Homes"—will appear in the October *Journal*. Bedchambers, reception and dining rooms, bathrooms, halls and apartments of every kind will be pictured just as they are in daily use. Each picture contains dozens of suggestions. Every woman is interested in taking a peep into the most attractive homes in the land, to see how they are furnished and arranged. She wants to get practical hints and new ideas for furnishing her own. The houses photographed by the *Journal* are those occupied by persons of moderate income. Their interior arrangement shows what perfect taste can accomplish with a little money and the touch of a woman's deft fingers. Homes in every State in the Union—from Maine to California—were photographed for the *Journal's* unique and useful series.

At a recent dinner party in Paris, given by a well known Amphytrion, a great sensation was created by introducing the electric light into one of the dishes, so arranged as to be a surprise to the guests. A dish containing a jelly (in the midst of which the electric light was set) had been on the table from the beginning of the repast, but was hidden from sight by a large silver cover, which in turn was concealed under a heap of flowers. When the cover was removed and the jelly disclosed to view the effect was naturally "electrifying." A distinguished electrician has adopted another novelty in the form of an electric railway, which he has caused to be fitted to his dining table, along which the courses are carried and removed as required, thereby enabling him to dispense with the presence of servants while dining.

A Household Necessity.

Cascarets Candy Cathartic, the most wonderful medical discovery of the age, pleasant and refreshing to the taste, act gently and positively on kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the entire system, dispel colds, cure headache, fever, habitual constipation and biliousness. Please buy and try a box of C. C. C. to-day; 10, 25, 50 cents. Sold and guaranteed to cure by all druggists Sold by B. E. Sedberry & Sons.

No Compromise With Wrong.

Wilmington Messenger, Aug, 31.]

Our excellent friend, Major Hale, editor of the Fayetteville OBSERVER, copies a paragraph from the Messenger headed "The Party of the Future." He is correct in thinking that the Messenger has no purpose to so much as suggest the possibility of a new party.

That was not in all its thoughts. The Messenger is a democrat, fighting for democratic supremacy in North Carolina. There is no possible way out of the wilderness of sin and darkness and desolation but through triumph of the grand old democracy that has been ever faithful, ever serviceable to the State and a positive protection and help and blessing to the people at large—blessing its enemies as well as its friends by its benignant, fair, honest and frugal government. The long editorial of the 25th inst.—last Wednesday—upon "The Necessity of a White Man's Party," shows precisely what the Messenger was seeking—the real bull's eye on the target at which it aimed. Let us reproduce enough here to indicate its purpose, its meaning:

"The negroes practically are the radical party, aided by a 25,000 or 35,000 white contingent who prefer office or the hope of it to their own race and the real welfare of their State, native or adopted, as the case may be. * * * They vote as commanded, and know not the consequences of what they are doing. They have about as much knowledge of the great fundamentals of government and the basic principles of parties—of finance, of the tariff, of State's rights, of governmental limitations of power, of the duties of citizenship, of all that enters into a great, puissant, free republic, as the blacks in the Dark Continent, have of the British government in its history, deeds and successes as well as of its powers and mode of procedure. It is a marvellous thing that after thirty years of voting that the most of them are children in the knowledge of government and are submissive slaves to their imperious white masters."

This showed the Messenger's view of the dense ignorance and utter incapacity of the negroes for voting or governing intellectually, equitably, wisely. It showed also what a helpless condition North Carolina is in when the radicals are in power, the negroes constituting 110,000 of the 140,000 members, voters of that depraved party. We then said of the hope of success of the white radical ringmasters:

"Their sole hope of success is in the plastic character and profound ignorance and bludering stupidity of the negroes."

Seeing all these things were elaborated in a long column of fine type—that North Carolina was wretchedly, corruptly, oppressively bossed and abused by the 110,000 negroes under the lead of 30,000 or more whites, that there was an imperative duty among the true whites, a solemn obligation of citizenship, resting upon all voters who opposed robbery and vicious legislation and arbitrary rule and wasteful taxation. We quote again:

"That the campaign henceforth must be fought on strictly race lines is apparent. This noble old commonwealth must be saved, must be rescued from the hands of the spoiler and the political humbug. The White Man's party must be made a most imposing reality. Nothing can be expected from the negroes. They will no more change parties than the leopard will change his spots. The Anglo Saxon in no land was ever a serf or wore the bands of servitude. He is the born leader of the world just as much as the Roman was of ancient days. He must rule, he will rule, and that is both the long and short of it. He will call no man master. He will not be dominated by an inferior race, be it yellow, or red, or black. So in North Carolina there simply must be hereafter, as heretofore, a white man's government. Nothing else will do. Disgrace, oppressions, robberies, waste, ruin, anarchy itself will follow if the government continues as it has been latterly, under the combinations of wickedness, stolid ignorance and unbridled recklessness."

In this it was distinctly intimated what kind of "White Man's Porty" was meant. It was clearly said that "in North Carolina there simply must be hereafter, as heretofore, a white man's government." The "heretofore" shows what was the intent. When the white men ruled in equity and honesty in North Carolina the democratic party drew to itself a clear majority of the voters—nearly all white. It did not "look the gift horse in the mouth." When an honest republican helped to put true and good men in power he was welcomed. If a "colored man and brother" sought to help on good, honest government he was not forbidden to co operate with his white benefactors and friends, but cordially greeted. We wrote on last Wednesday of The Messenger, in the editorial above quoted from

"The redemption of North Carolina from the predatory and incapable vandals who now rule in ruin is the imperative demand of civilization and honor and liberty itself.

"Holding this, it favors in the State campaign the great rallying cry that this is and shall be a White Man's government. It stands ready to welcome all well disposed and patriotic men of all classes and conditions, of all parties and races who are willing to co operate in behalf of equal, just, enlightened, honest government."

While seeking aid from all the friends of just, economic and pure administration, that North Carolina may be redeemed and disenthralled from the Vandals, The Messenger does not in the least propose to lower the democratic standard and principles or to trail its flag in the dust for any purpose whatever. The democratic party has always been a White Man's party and will be so until its last work is done.

Something Broken.

Cleveland Recorder.]

The famous Thad Stevens [the abolitionist and South hater] had a colored servant in Washington named Matilda, who one morning smashed a large dish at the buffet. "What have you broken now, you damned black idiot?" exclaimed her master. Matilda meekly responded: "Taint de fo'th commandment, bress de Lawd."

Don't nauseate your stomach with tear and bitter herbs, but regulate your liver and sick headache by using those famous little pills known as De Witt's Little Early Risers. KING BROS.

To Build the Jail Sewer.

The County Commissioners say that they intend to build the jail sewer as soon as the Board of Health permits, notwithstanding the appeal they have taken from Judge McIver's decision, which they say was done as a matter of law and not to shirk the building of the sewer.

In another column will be found an advertisement for bids for the construction of the sewer. The bids will be opened at the office of the County Commissioners at 12 o'clock M. on Thursday, Sept. 23rd.

It will certainly be a great relief to all parties concerned when this much contended subject is finally settled.

A Woman With Two Husbands

Mr. S. S. Covington, of Winder, Moore county, is sueing his legal wife for divorce. Some time ago he learned that his wife, who was a Miss Caddle, of Moore county, had been married to a Mr. Pleasant, of this county. Last week he arrived in this city and went to the court house, where sure enough he found the marriage certificate recorded. He obtained a certified copy of the instrument, for the purpose, he said, of seeking a divorce from his unfaithful wife. He remarked that he would take no other steps than that of getting a divorce, at the same time expressing the hope that that guilty couple would live happily together.

The Sheriff's Accounts.

The Committee auditing the Sheriff's accounts reported to the County Commissioners at their meeting Thursday that they found the Sheriff behind in his settlement $6,500. As the Sheriff claimed that the report was still incorrect (a mistake of several thousand dollars was found in the report when first presented, in favor of the Sheriff and corrected, making the above shortage), the Commissioners continued the auditing committee to further investigate the matter and to report to the Commissioners on the 1st of October. At the request of the Sheriff Mr. Z. B. Newton was appointed to work with the committee as his representative.

Most if not all of the shortage is uncollected taxes.

The Commissioners decided to withhold the new tax books from the Sheriff until the matter was disposed of.

"Sweet Bells Jangled Out of Tune."

How much of woman's life happiness is lost for lack of harmony. A hundred sweet melodious tones ruined by one little note of discord. Women who ought to enjoy the perfect happiness of love and wifehood and motherhood are miserable from one year's end to the other, because of some weakness or disease of the delicate organism of their sex.

These delicate complaints, which make a jangling dissonance of so many lives, are not by any means a necessity of womanhood. They may be overcome and completely eradicated under judicious treatment.

There is no need of repugnant examinations. There is no need of resorting to any unauthorized medicament compounded by an unskilled, uneducated person. Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription cures the troubles of the feminine organism positively, completely and safely.

For nearly 30 years Dr. R. V. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N.Y. He is an eminent and expert specialist in this particular field of practice. Any woman may write to him with perfect confidence, and will receive, free of charge, sound, professional advice and suggestion for self-treatment by which 99 out of 100 cases of female complaint, even of the most obstinate kind, may be completely and permanently cured. Address him as above.

"While I was living at Eagle Rock, Botetourt Co., Va.," writes Mrs. G. A. Connor, of Alleghany Spring, Montgomery Co., Va., "a lady friend came to me and said: 'My daughter, aged 15 years, has repeated hemorrhages at the nose, and she has never had the necessary indispositions of womanhood.' I advised her to get Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The lady purchased one bottle and it cured her daughter. She was well and happy when I left there."

Constipation is the all-embracing cause of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe.

Purvis Better—The Unsigned Contract.

Drs. McDuffie and McGougan made an examination of Purvis, the condemned murderer, Wednesday, and found him much improved since the operation several days ago. He refuses, however, to allow another operation in order to extract pus from the lungs, and his death is therefore only a matter of time.

The following is a copy of the instrument which was submitted to Purvis yesterday and which he said would be useless for his father to sign as he would not sell his body to any one on any terms:

SOUTH CAROLINA, }
City of Florence. }

As father and guardian of Edward Purvis, who is now lodged in Cumberland County jail in the State of North Carolina, awaiting the execution of the death penalty on October 13th, 1897, I do hereby give him the privilege to make any contract he may deem proper with Dr. O. L. Denning, of Dunn, N. C., concerning the disposition of his body after his death, and I do agree to ratify and by these presents do ratify any contract which said Edward Purvis may make concerning the same with said Dr. O. L. Denning.

Witness my hand and seal this 15th day of September, 1897.

—— ——, [Seal.]

Witness, —— ——.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, who will guarantee a cure. Booklet and sample mailed free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York. Sold by B. E. Sedberry & Sons.

Meeting of the Board of County Commissioners

The Board of County Commissioners met Thursday in special session, Chairman Cotton presided and Messrs. J. A. Gainey and J. A. McFarland and Attorney N. A. Sinclair were present.

It was ordered that the present committee appointed to audit the Sheriff's accounts be continued until the 1st Monday in October, when they will be requested to make a written report, also that the Sheriff appoint a man of his own selection to assist the present committee to audit his accounts.

The committee appointed to audit the Treasurer's accounts made their report and same was accepted and ordered filed.

It was ordered that the application of Mr. Jno. Brown as cotton weigher and inspector be accepted and that he give his bond to the board and same be recorded at the expense of said Brown.

Phil. Wright in Full Charge.

The Red Springs Citizen of yesterday has the following:

That competent hotellist, Mr. Phil. Wright, is now in full charge at Hotel Townsend. He is popular with the drummers and traveling public, which of itself speaks volumes.

FUN MAKING

and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

HIRES Rootbeer

is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up to-day and have it ready to put down whenever you're thirsty.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

The F. I. L. I. Excursion.

The Red Springs Citizen in speaking of the F. I. L. I. Excursion to that place last Friday night says:

The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry ran a moonlight excursion to Red Springs last Friday night. About two hundred, including many ladies, came out. The train arrived at 8:30 and returned at 11:30. The Townsend Hotel pavillion was taken possession of by those who indulge in the dance, while others remained near enough to catch the sweet strains of music that poured forth from the Big Six Orchestra. A number of Red Springs ladies and gentlemen were also present, and enjoyed the privilege of hearing this celebrated "Big Six Orchestra." This organization has held together longer than any other of its kind in the State. It plays the highest grade of music, and is considered one of the finest, if not the finest, orchestra in the State. The following are the different members and instruments: E. L. Remsburg, clarionet, leader and business manager; C. J. Ahearn, alto; J. A. Barnes, alto; Herbert Atkinson, tenor; E. M. Sheetz, euphonium; H. E. Sheetz, tuba; C. C. Remsburg, trap drummer.

The C. F. & Y. V. officials gave the train to the "soldier boys" free of charge, and a "crew," headed by Major McLauchlin, volunteered their services to take charge of the train.

Fugitive from Justice Captured.

Chief of Police Flowers Thursday captured Peter Patterson, wanted on a charge of assaulting Rachel Smith with a lamp during a Texas frolic on the night of December 12th. Patterson was arrested shortly after the assault and gave the Mayor $19 in cash for his appearance at Court. He then fled the country, forfeiting the bond to the County.

CASTORIA.

Bears the fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Is on every wrapper.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

ISAAC A. MURCHISON. WILLIAM H. POPE.

MURCHISON & POPE,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

ED. R. MacKETHAN,

Attorney and Counsellor,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

J. H. MARSH, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN and SURGEON

Office: N. E. Corner Market Square,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

E. L. HUNTER, D.D.S. THOS. M. HUNTER, D.D.S.

DRS. HUNTER,

DENTISTS.

Northeast Corner Market Square,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

April 29, 1880. tf

DR. G. B. PATTERSON. DR. J. S. BETTS.

DRS. PATTERSON & BETTS,

DENTISTS.

OFFICE: Over Bank of Fayetteville,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Offer their services to the citizens of Fayetteville and surrounding country.

THE OBSERVER.

THURSDAY.....SEPTEMBER 23, 1897

E. J. HALE, Editor and Proprietor.

E. J. HALE, Jr., General Business Mang'r.

Established in 1825 by E. J. Hale, Sr.

FAYETTEVILLE N. C.

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES IN 1900.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN.

THE COUNTRY LOSING ITS CIVILIZATION.

A contemporary referring to the killing of a negro postmaster in Georgia says:

"We have always regarded the appointment of negro postmasters in the South as a piece of partisan spite, too small and contemptible to be indulged in by a self-respecting administration; that however, does not justify any such high-handed action as was taken in this instance. It was murder, deliberately planned and maliciously carried out; no effort should be spared to apprehend and convict every man implicated in the brutal deed. It was worse, infinitely worse, than the lynchings which have so deeply disgraced us as a people this summer. The latter have some shadow of justification, sophistical, indeed, but still a shadow, in that the victim is a criminal; in this latter instance a law-abiding citizen was shot down like a dog in cold blood, simply because his appointment did not meet with the approval of the community. Thus lawlessness grows. The law once successfully defied, there is no logical stopping place short of anarchy." [Our contemporary might usefully have included in its indictment the lynchers of the five men at Versailles, Indiana, the same day, who were put to death in that Northern State for a crime for which its laws do not prescribe the death penalty.]

That is well said, granting the facts to be as stated; but especially happy is our contemporary in saying that "the law once successfully defied, there is no logical stopping place short of anarchy." Most true. Most true. The first step of the downward course upon which the country has been so rapidly proceeding for three decades past, was taken when an unauthorized body violated the law by freeing and enfranchising the negroes. As the civilized ex-slaves have died off, the re-enthroned savagery of their descendants has asserted itself more and more in the crime that invites the lynchings. Lynchings being thus introduced, the mob spirit grows with the mob habit. As our contemporary says, "thus lawlessness grows." Thus, in other words, the descent to Avernus becomes easy. It is the contemplation of this unmistakable and undeniable fact that causes political moralists such apprehension concerning the future of our American civilization—an apprehension bordering on despair, when it is remembered that a large part of our population, probably the greater part, approve of the act of the murderer and incendiary, John Brown, and condemn that of the lawful authorities (represented by the Buchanan administration and its servant, Col. R. E. Lee) who hanged him.

As the crime which invites the lynchings has only come into existence since the negro, a race unfitted for governing, has been entrusted with the governing franchise, so the commission of that crime has increased with frightful rapidity since the negro has realized through the election of McKinley, and for the first time since his enfranchisement, the tremendous effect of his concentrated vote. With him, success does not produce the soltening effect which is observed in the white race in ascending ratio as those who achieve it rise in the scale of civilization. On the contrary, its only observable effect is to cause his retrogression in the direction of savagery.

There is nothing surprising in what has happened. All the old-time Southerners—especially those of the genuine planter class, or their descendants—predicted precisely what has happened if the negro should be enfranchised. That was because they had been studying the negro for two hundred years, and had discovered, in the process, that he possessed racial traits which were the result of many centuries of habit and which were the direct opposite of those which the anglo-saxon had in the same period been deriving from his civilized evolution.

For this same reason—viz: the accurate knowledge of the negro derived from long acquaintance with him—the planter, or planter descended, Southerner, bears a sincere affection for the negro in his place. He recalls with deep emotion his affectionate faithfulness as a slave and as guardian of his helpless ones during the great war. Nor does he forget his splendid behavior during the first temptations of freedom and of possession of the franchise, in the days before the "new issue" began to push him to the rear.

For this reason, the Southerner of the class just mentioned never indulges in wholesale or any other kind of "abuse" of the negro, any more than he entertains a dislike for the negro as such. He concentrates all his feelings of resentment upon the negro philist whites, without whose alliance and bad leadership the negroes are helpless. One of our contemporaries describes this band of whites as 'hounds." In the sentiment which inspires this apellation the OBSERVER most heartily concurs—only, in its present placid temper, and because of the logical sequence of so doing, it would not use such an impolite word. The inconvenient logical sequence referred to is the necessity of using a stronger term still to describe those Cleveland and Tom Watson white men in North Carolina who deliberately prevented the union of the two wings of the former white man's party and installed in power the late disgraceful goldbug fusion legislature and the present disgraceful goldbug fusion government in our beloved State.

We shall not call these latest allies of the negro party bad names, but we cannot rid ourselves of the notion that they deserve less toleration by the decent whites than any class of our population since the days of the scalawag and carpet-bagger. We say this, because these said latest allies of the negro party chose, deliberately and with their eyes open, a goldbug negro fusion rather than a silver white fusion. And they made this choice, for aught that we can see to the contrary, for the low and despicably selfish reason that they thought the Bryanism which the white fusion would install would be less favorable to their material interests than the McKinleyism, Pritchardism and Russellism which their black fusion has saddled upon us.

A MISAPPREHENSION—THE PARAMOUNT QUESTION.

The Raleigh News and Observer justly says that the Greensboro Telegram (our usually bright contemporary) has mistaken the term "white supremacy" (as used in the OBSERVER'S recent editorial "Let Democrats Dictate Democratic Policy") for something different from "clean, honest, honorable, efficient government," whereas the two are synonymous. Of course that is so, and the term was so used in the OBSERVER. We had not thought that any one in the South would understand it otherwise. But, because the article in question was a somewhat elaborate and detailed discussion of its subject, we went out of the way to make our meaning unmistakable, it seems to us, in these words:

"Now, we have to say that the OBSERVER sets white supremacy above all public things, above every political issue—*because*, for us in North Carolina, no good thing is possible except we have that enthroned."

When we declared that "for us in North Carolina, no good thing is possible except we have that [white supremacy] enthroned," we had in mind not only clean, honest, etc., government in the State, but the ability to contribute our quota of the same kind of men—clean, honest, etc.,—to the Federal legslature and to cast our electoral vote for the same kind of officials in the Federal executive.

We do not apprehend our excellent Greensboro contemporary's view that because the white allies of the negroes control the negroes we have white supremacy in North Carolina to-day. It would be a long story to recite what we understand to be the conventional Southern view which, for short, has been crystalized into the term "white supremacy." Briefly, we may say, that in a representative and party government, the representatives reflect, pretty accurately in the long run, the character of their constituents. So, while the white allies of the negro get the offices and control the negro in a certain sense, they must (from the average white man's standpoint) have been born with or acquired an inferior view of their relation to the negro to that entertained by the members of "the white man's party." Circumstances have made of the Democratic party in the South the "white man's party."

So, when we say that "white supremacy" is the paramount issue in North Carolina, we mean that "clean, honest, honorable, efficient government"—in other words, Democratic supremacy—is the paramount issue.

But neither of our contemporaries appears to have caught the point of the editorial which they were reviewing. It was not to discuss the nature of "white supremacy," but—that being granted as the imperative desideratum—:

1. To indicate what in our view was the only direction in which we could move to secure it, in these words:

"It seems hardly worth while to repeat the arguments upon which we base our position. Briefly, we may say that we need recruits in order to place the white man's party in a majority. It is manifest that we cannot get them for 'white supremacy' from the negroes. It is equally manifest that we cannot get them from the Republican allies of the negroes, for these have demonstrated their fundamental negrophilism by thirty years of affiliation with negroes. The Populists remain. There are but two ways of securing the co-operation of the Populists: they must be drawn into our primaries as individuals; or, they must be 'fused' with as an organization."

2. To challenge criticism of this process of reasoning, as follows:

"We invite criticism of the foregoing paragraph by any who think they discern a flaw in it."

3. And to poll our Democratic brethren on the most serious question of the hour by the following device, viz:

"And the OBSERVER issues this challenge to all concerned, and proposes this test of sincerity in the advocacy of white supremacy:

"*It will advocate anything necessary to the success of the paramount issue of white supremacy*

"If that means that we must fuse with the Populists, then we are ready to do so. Are the goldites who train with us ready to say as much?

"[As we have before said, fusion with the Populists will not be necessary if the Democrats will resolutely unfrock every Ransomite and every Clevelandite in a representative position in the party. Will that be done?]"

The list of those who have so far shown their patriotism, independence and Democratic loyalty, by declaring themselves on this vital subject, is distinguished for quality, certainly, if not for quantity. We trust that it will soon be both.

Let us agitate this question—which the goldbug enemies of Democracy have precipitated out of season, and when they thought we were asleep—and continue to press it until no one calling himself a Democrat can be found who will prefer black fusion to white fusion, affiliation with scalawags to a reunion of the victorious followers of Vance.

JUST try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

BLACK FUSION OR WHITE REUNION—WHICH SHALL IT BE?

The Wilmington Messenger admirably says:

"Out in Iowa the pops refuse to work with the democrats. That means a continuance of republican supremacy. Is that desirable anywhere, in any state, city, town or county?"

In North Carolina, the Populists desire to work with the Democrats. Shall we repel them as heretofore, and continue the rule of the vile black fusion which the goldbug scalawags have put in power over us? Or, shall we act like straightforward as well as sane men and take the only steps by which we can oust the worse than incompetent goldbug fusionists now disgracing the State?

As the Messenger intimates, it is a very simple question: "Is republican supremacy desirable anywhere in any state, city, town or county?" All that is needed is to silence the noisy little band of goldbugs who train with us, apparently, only for the purpose of marring our counsels. They should be made to feel the disgrace of their position. Instead, in our mistaken charity, we have, it seems, encouraged them to come forward with their brazen propositions for continuing their black fusion government.

KEEP HISTORY STRAIGHT.

One of the foremost of North Carolinians, a Democrat of national reputation, writes us as follows:

"I congratulate you upon your editorial 'Get History Straight.' It is the plain truth, forcibly told. It ought to be impressed upon the public mind. When the populists gave us their 30,000 votes for our candidate for President, we carried the State for Mr. Bryan by 20,000 majority. When they did not give us their 30,000 votes for our candidate for Governor, we lost the State by 10,000. That we have not the State government, the two additional judges on the Supreme Court, the legislature and the U. S. Senator to day, is all due to the goldbug element who did not wish us to have them unless, *they, that faction*, was in control of our party.

"This is the plain truth, and the public ought to have it told them. I am glad to see that you are doing it."

BE SURE NOT TO DO WHAT YOUR ENEMY WISHES.

Make no mistake. This cry of a "straight fight" raised by the goldbugs, means merely a crooked fight. Their purpose is to repudiate, or at least to ignore, the Chicago platform. The action of New York has greatly encouraged the marplots and scalawags. But loyal Democrats will remember that the party no longer looks to such bolters as Cleveland, Hill, Whitney and Flower for guidance. The rule now is the other way: Whatever New York does, of that it is clearly our interest to do precisely the reverse.

If we needed any light on this subject not supplied by our own intelligence, we have it in the following extract from our Washington letter:

"Ex-Secretary Hoke Smith passed through Washington a day or two ago, and he was fairly bubbling over with satisfaction at the bright prospects ahead of the United Democratic party, which always wins. He thinks the success of the democrats in Greater New York is certain, and that it will start a wave of party harmony that will result in the election of a democratic House next year and of a democratic President in 1900."

CURRENT COMMENT.

The double faced organ is evidently very much disturbed by the OBSERVER'S exposure of its part in putting the present fusion government in power. The double faced organ, it will be remembered, said during the campaign that it desired Bryan's election, though at the same time it was advising its readers to scratch the Bryan ticket.

* * *

Let Democrats be on their guard. When General Ransom and W. S. Wilson began speaking about the country a few months ago, we suggested that it was the prelude to a well planned campaign in the different States to seduce the Democrats from their party allegiance. People laughed at the far-fetched idea. Now let the reader keep his eyes wide open, and he will see the unfolding of the plan in this State with General Ransom as the central figure.

* * *

Moncure D. Conway, a renegade Southerner of the Cable and Trent variety, says, "It is not civilized to regard rape as a capital offense." Therefore, he argues in a letter to the New York Times, Georgia and other Southern States whose statutes prescribe such a penalty, are not civilized. Mr. Conway, who finds now his congenial residence in New York, no doubt regards that city as an example of civilization. Men of honor, on the contrary, agree with Col. Fred D. Grant—who resigned from a police commissionship in New York, the other day, because his colleagues insisted on maintaining the ordinance requiring police officers to commit degrading crimes in order to procure evidence of crime—that the "civilization" which tolerates such procedures is a very hollow one indeed.

THE OLD GAME.

How Public Sentiment is Manufactured, and the Country Press Gets its Hints.

A Raleigh correspondent says:

"Senator Butler, in his paper to-day, highly endorses the letter of ex Judge Avery, which has brought forth such severe criticism since its publication."

Where has Judge Avery's letter been severely criticised? We have seen nothing against it except in the McKinley papers. Let us have the names of the criticising ones.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidney and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe—10c.

WIFE OF SENATOR VEST.

Was Benefitted by Nature's Greatest Remedy, Paine's Celery Compound.

So many testimonials are coming in from every part of the country to the proprietors of that greatest of all known remedies, which stands so preeminently above all others in its wonderful curative powers, that it generally has been thought best to select almost at random a small percentage of them for publication.

The accompanying letter from the wife of the great Missouri senator, however, is one of a great many that have come first and last from families of national reputation.

The health of the wealthiest and most highly cultivated is of course no more dear to them and their relatives than is that of the humbler persons who depend upon their daily toil for their week-to-week living. But the first class of people certainly have at their command every

facility that money and good judgment can secure to benefit them when their health is threatened.

For that reason the almost endless number of hearty testimonials that are received from those who have the best medical advice at their instant disposal is double assurance of the unequaled value of this Paine's celery compound, which has come to be known throughout the world as the remedy that makes people well.

Why should one waste the opportunity of gaining healty and vigor by temporizing with any of the many worthless remedies that quacks offer, when this wonderful discovery of America's ablest physician, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth college, the very foremost medical authority of this generation, Paine's celery compound, is now within reach of everyone?

Long sufferers from nervousness, dyspepsia and neuralgia should not think their patience a virtue. It is simply a sad waste of the joy of healthy living.

Not only these disorders, but all other effects of low nervous vigor can be absolutely cured, and permanently cured, by building up the nervous strength and purifying the blood with Paine's celery compound!

An "ailing habit" is easy to fall into. Many persons with no serious organic trouble conclude that they are invalids, and make no determined effort to get well until they become a nuisance to their friends and a burden to themselves. What they need is to drive out the clogging, stupefying humors from their blood and nourish their irritated nerves by means of Paine's celery compound.

Paine's celery compound will absolutey cure rheumatism, neuralgia, those frequently recurring headaches and those alarming heart palpitations and sinking spells. It urges the body to take on flesh and to cushion the nerves with a proper accumulation of fat that will counteract all irritation. By means of this superb nutriment every part of the body is nourished and built up.

Vigorous health stands on a tripod, one may say, of pure, rich blood, a thoroughly nourished nervous system and—depending on these—a capable healthy digestion and assimilation. Poor health and disease mean that something is wrong with the blood or nerves. Paine's celery compound attends first to these two great essentials, and whatever else is wrong is soon corrected when the blood and nerves are right.

Using this great invigorator, the tired, thin, bloodless body begins at once to take on flesh; the pain in the back ceases, showing its healthful action upon the kidneys; the skin gains color and clearness, and that unmistakable feeling of well-being gradually takes the place of the nervous, irritated, gloomy foreboding that always accompanies a tired, underfed nervous condition.

Messrs Wells & Richardson

It gives me pleasure to say I have used, Paine's Celery Compound with great benefit, not only is it a fine Nerve Tonic but with myself it is a Liver Regulator. I think it is a most excellent Tonic and can be used by the most delicate without harm.

Resp.

Mrs George G Vest

May 29th 1897.

1204 P.st

Washington.

D.C.

Which Platform Does He Indorse?—Chicago or Indianapolis?

Salisbury World.

Senator Ransom will certainly be found in the next campaign and those who know him perdict that it will be one of the greatest campaigns of his life.

Raleigh correspondent Wilmington Messenger.

Ex Senator Ransom is now at Blowing Rock. He says he feels strong enough to go through another campaign or two.

Let Democrats Dictate Democratic Policy.

Says the Asheville Gazette:

"The Fayetteville OBSERVER heads an editorial with the declaration 'Let Democrats Dictate Democratic Policy.' There you are talking, my brother. And let democrats dictate democratic candidates, too, and not call in Butler or any committee which represents him or Butlerism to assist in either."

Nor permit Cleveland, or Ransom, or any follower of either of these unbelievers in the Chicago platform to have a part in Democratic councils. That, also, is the way to talk.

Lady Students at the University.

The Chapel Hill correspondent of the Charlotte Observer says:

Among the new students at the University are four ladies; Dr Linscott's "only pebble on the beach" having grown to this number. They are Miss Dixie Lee Bryant, of the Normal and Industrial College, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, studying geology; Miss Sallie Stockard, of Alamance county, a graduate of Guilford, studying Latin and Greek; Miss C. C. Dodd, a graduate of St. Mary's, studying mathematics; Miss Mary McRae, of Fayetteville, studying history and English. This is regarded as the entering wedge to the opening of the University in all its departments to women.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper

The Road to Klondike

is a long and hard one.
It's much easier to get

GOLD DUST

from your grocer. Sold everywhere and cleans everything.

MADE ONLY BY

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,

Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia.

HORRIBLE! OUTRAGEOUS!!

Lynch Fiends Still Rampant!

(Correspondence of the Observer.)

Five poor victims taken from officers of the law, and hung on a single black jack or some other convenient tree! Fresh lesson in sectional barbarism begotten of slavery! Not for the usual crime, but for petty or grand larceny or something near akin!

Such we opine would be the announcement in stunning, double leaded headlines of the quintuple mob murder committed two or three days ago, if it had only occurred on this instead of the other side of the Ohio. The only words of comment from our censors of the northern press so far seen are those of palliation or approval. "Organized diabolism, the law's delay in dealing with such, and consequent necessity for precipitate measures." This wholesale lynching seems to be but a sequence of others in the same locality, where two or three were stretched up at a time, not to mention *units* intervening.

From imperfect data furnished, the prompting motive would appear to have been "cattle sieving," for which our forbears on the "Border," especially on the north side, once plumed themselves, and clearly shows that our brothers o'er the border set more store on the material value of a heifer than they do on the honor of a daughter of their house. God Almighty in his infinite mercy be praised, that in our benighted section the estimate is somewhat at variance.

Here we lynch for the crime of crimes and propose to continue so to do, Puritanical anathema to the contrary notwithstanding or Legislative interdict and Executive veto thrown in for good measure.

Woe on ye Scribes, Pharisees, Hypocrites! Cease your howlings or take more blame to yourselves.

W. J. G.

Meeting of Board of Aldermen.

A special meeting of the Board of Aldermen was held Friday afternoon. The Mayor presided and the following Aldermen were present: A. A. McKethan, B. R. Taylor, D. A. McMillan, J. F. Johnson, R. L. Holland, L. Huske, and J. B. Underwood.

After a number of bills were read and passed, Mr. Wilson, representing Harris' show, was introduced to the Board. He asked that the $50 licenses, which he had just paid the Mayor that morning, before being allowed to show, be reduced, as Harris's was not a circus, but a show, and not to be compared to the large circuses. The Aldermen, with but one dissenting vote, decided to refund 30 dollars, making the license $20.

Mr. Jno. D. Brown was appointed cotton weigher for the city of Fayetteville. The Board then adjourned.

A Fayetteville Boy Killed by a Train.

William Underwood, 23 years old, son of the late D. J. Underwood, of this city, was killed early Sunday morning, near Elm City, while taking a ride on a freight train between Wilson and Rocky Mount. He is supposed to have been riding on the trucks of the freight, when he slipped and fell under the wheels, having both legs severed from his body. He died in about an hour from loss of blood. His body was brought here Monday, and taken to the home of his mother, Mrs. Eliza Underwood, near the Mile Branch. He had not been at home in two years, and it is said he has been working in Rocky Mount.

LIST OF LETTERS

Remaining in the Fayetteville, N. C., Post Office Sept. 20, 1897—Unclaimed.

A—H. A. Alison.
B—J. H. Brown, Miss L. A. Byers, J. O. Byrd, Mrs. Budly B. Butler.
C—J. B. Campbell, J. W. Carter.
D—Chas. B. Daney, Miss Virginia Davis.
F—J. B. Fergerson, H. W. Fisher.
G—Miss Suanner Gaddie.
H—Mrs. Rasey Harring, Murpby Hackney.
J—Miss Amanda Jackson, John Johnson.
L—Mrs. Annie Leonard, T. J. Lomax.
M—W. D. Monroe, Jr.
P—Phillip Pickett.
S—T. L. Sessoms, John Sessoms, Annie Sykes, T. W. Stone
T—J. B. Taylor, Willie Thornton.
W—W. M. H. White, John Wall.
R—A. R. Roper, William Robinson.

Persons calling for any of the above letters will please say advertised.

W. D. GASTER, P. M.

DO NOT FEAR YELLOW FEVER.

The Board of Aldermen Decide Not to Quarantine Fayetteville.

Saturday afternoon the Board of Health met for the purpose of taking some action in regard to yellow fever refugees. Dr. McNeill, the president of the board, presided, and Mayor Cook and Drs. Marsh, Highsmith, McGougan and Melchoir were present. It was stated to the meeting that the immediate reason for the calling together of the Board of Health was the intended arrival here of several refugees from Mobile. After some discussion it was unanimously decided, the chair expressing its dissent, to quarantine the city against all persons from the infected districts, and adjourned to meet with the Board of Aldermen at a called meeting on Monday morning. At 11 o'clock the Board of Aldermen met with the following members present: Mayor Cook, Aldermen A. A. McKethan, J. A. Pemberton, B. R. Taylor, C. B. McMillan, D. A. McMillan, W. S. Maultsby, J. F. Johnson, J. B. Underwood, J. G. Hollingsworth. The following members of the Board of Health were present: Drs. McDuffie, McNeill, Marsh, Highsmith and McGougan.

Mayor Cook stated that the object of the meeting was to execute the decision of the Board of Health, by appropriating money to carry out a proper quarantine, such as stationing officers at Maxton, Sanford, Florence and Wilson.

Alderman McKethan stated that he was opposed to any such action, that he could see no danger; that during the yellow fellow epidemic at Wilmington, Fayetteville opened her doors wide to the refugees; that a number of people came here and died with the fever and that no one was afraid and there was no contagion. He was in favor of opening our gates wide to everybody, whether refugees or not.

Dr. McDuffie said he was not present at the meeting of the Board of Health, but that he did not endorse their action and considered it most unwise. That he was here during the Wilmington epidemic and that that proved beyond doubt that Fayetteville was safe from yellow fever, when scores of people with the fever were housed and nursed in this city. He said that there was no possibility of yellow fever contagion in Fayetteville, that we are not in the yellow fever atmosphere, and that it cannot live here. Dr. McDuffie was very emphatic in his statement.

Drs. Highsmith, Marsh and McGougan each made statements, saying that they believed it necessary for the business interests of the town that we should quarantine against the refugees, that while it was most unlikely that yellow fever would spread in this community, yet the slightest possibility of its doing so was sufficient cause to quarantine against refugees, and that they stood firmly by their action of Saturday evening. They stated that it was absolutely to the interest of the commerce of the city that a quarantine be established, that however remote the possibility of the disease spreading here, yet the knowledge that we were admitting refugees from the infested districts would keep, however foolishly, many people from entering the city.

Dr. McNeill then asked that the action of the Board of Health be sustained, and in doing so, he said that while he was opposed to the adoption of quarantine measures by the Board of Health, yet, after it had taken such action, and almost unanimously, he thought that the recommendation of that important body should be paramount to everything else.

The doctors then retired, and the Board of Aldermen, by a unanimous vote, decided not to endorse the action of the Board of Health.

Gilmore in the City—Chased by Officers. Audacity!

Robin Hood or Jesse James are to be considered as sheep in comparison to the audacity of our own king of the outlaws, a little negro man named Alex. Gilmore. A more audacious scamp was never dreamed of in the mind of the most vivid fiction writer.

Gilmore was in the heart of the city Monday evening, when information to this effect reached Chief of Police Flowers and Township Constable Maultsby. These two officers and Constable Faircloth of Cedar Creek, who knows Gilmore well, started in pursuit. They caught sight of him on Grove street near Frank Williston's house, but Gilmore was on the look out too, and as soon as he spied the officers he took to the woods along the banks of Cross Creek like a deer. All trace of him was soon lost in the darkness. Gilmore was warned of the approach of the officers, as a man was seen running towards him just before the officers hove in sight.

This man, an outlaw, with a big price set for his capture, seems to throw himself at danger and then withdraw in its teeth for the laugh it may give him. One day he is found riding on the wagon of the man he had robbed, another he is found at the jail conversing with his brother, again, he is at the circus and yet again he is seen patrolling the streets and often he is found in conversation with the inhabitants of his native place, Cedar Creek.

Criminal Court,

The criminal court of Cumberland county convened last Monday with Judge T. H. Sutton on the bench.

There were one hundred and twelve criminal cases on the docket.

There are four capital cases to be tried as follows: Bishop Holmes, murder; Isham Wright burglary; Henry Simpson, rape; Archie Young rape.

There are 23 prisoners in jail awaiting trial.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret candy cathartic, cure guaranteed. 10c. 25c.

WALTER WATSON'S HARDWARE HOUSE,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

ESTABLISHED 1866.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Lumber and Building Material

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

Thoroughly Dried Material Always On Hand.

DOORS, SASH, BLINDS, AND MOULDINGS

Farming Implements

OF ALL KINDS.

Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Rakes, Ploughs, Forks, &c.

SIX FT. WIRE NETTING.

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER ON THIS MATERIAL

Steam Fixtures for Saw Mills.

Agent for the Frick Co. Engines and Machinery.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON PLANTS OF ANY CAPACITY.

Yours Respectfully,

WALTER WATSON.

Pemberton's Book and Music House,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines,

Bicycle and Bicycle Sundries sold on *easy terms*.
School Books and School Supplies.
Singing Books, Bibles and Sunday school Literature.
Pictures, Easels—Picture Frames made to order.

WALL PAPER,

Fancy Goods and Toys for the Children

Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Our Stock is large and very complete.
Prices Low.

THE BEST SEWING MACHINE.

From observation, experience and inquiry we are convinced the Wheeler & Wilson is the best Sewing Machine made. We have therefore accepted the agency for this Machine and can offer a good trade on easy terms to parties in need of a highgrade Machine. If called on at once we can make special arrangements as to terms. Don't miss an opportunity.

HUSKE HARDWARE HOUSE,

Fayetteville, N. C.

Saw-mill men will please note—we can use a few car loads of Lumber, Laths, Shingles, etc., and we are willing to make a fair exchange. If you desire a trade, let us know. Come and see us, or, if possible, we will visit you.

GOOD BELTING.

The New York Belting and Packing Company have made us agents for their Celebrated Rubber Belting. We will carry a stock of their goods. They have arranged so we can give you a high-grade belting at very little more cost than you have been paying for ordinary grades. Please remember this and try a belt from us at the first opportunity. We guarantee prices and quality.

HUSKE HARDWARE HOUSE,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

THE OBSERVER.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., SEP. 23, 1897

We desire a live agent and correspondent at every postoffice in Cumberland and adjoining counties.

Correspondence on all subjects of local and general interest and opinions upon matters public of concern, are invited

The editor will not be responsible for the views or statements of correspondents —and reserves the right at all times to revise or correct any article he may think requires it.

One side, only, of the paper must be written on—and the real name of the writer accompany the contribution No attention will be paid to anonymous letters.

INDEX TO NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Harper Whiskey.
W. S. Cook—Land Sale.
James M Lamb—Hyacynths.
Cyrus Murphy—Legal Notice.
Mrs. Mary T Sykes—Lost or Mislaid.
L. B. Holt & Co.—Fall and Winter Goods.
J. W. Goodson—Housekeepers' Best Friend.
Paine's Celery Compound—Wife of Senator Vest
W. S Cook—Monthly Statement of City of Fayetteville
S W Tillinghast—Personal Property to be Sold for Taxes.

The Graded School opened last Monday, September 20th.

A Big Crop of Pears.

Mr. Jas. Pearce gathered 14 bushels and 3 pecks of keifer pears from one tree Saturday. Any number had previously fallen from the tree.

Death of a Colored Preacher.

Rev. Jno. Groton, a colored preacher and farmer, died at his home on Haymount Thursday morning at 10 o'clock in his 69th year.

To Study for the Ministry.

Mr. Henry H. Covington passed through the city Monday morning on his way to the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria, Virginia, where he will study for the ministry.

Wilmington's First Shipment of Cotton.

The first steamers to leave Wilmington this season loaded with cotton, sailed Friday—the Hawkhurst, for Bremen and the Naparina, for Ghent, with 7,888 and 4 780 bales respectively, by Messrs. Alex Sprunt & Son.

Date of Fair and Chief Marshal.

The Cumberland County Fair will be held November 10th, 11th, and 12th. Dr. J. Vance McGougan has been appointed Chief Marshal.

Let all of our citizens take it upon themselves to make the coming Fair a great success.

Golden Anniversary.

Monday was the 50th anniversary of Mr and Mrs. W. R. Clark's marriage, and they are receiving the congratulations of all their friends. Mr. and Mrs. Clark have 7 children living, fifteen living grand children and one great grand child. The latter is little four year old Alice Wilton.

Miss Morrow to Leave Us.

Miss Nena Morrow, who has been assistant teacher in her mother's school on Haymount, has accepted the position of teacher in art, at St. Mary's Hall, in San Antonia, Texas, and will soon leave for that place.

Miss Thompson, of Chapel Hill, will take Miss Morrow's place as assistant in Mrs. Morrow's school which opens tomorrow.

Stolen Mule and Cart Recovered.

On Saturday night at about 8:00, a mule and cart belonging to Mr. J. L. Graddy, was stolen from the wagon yard, in the rear of S. A. Phillips' store.

Sunday afternoon the mule was found back of Mr. Geo. Lawrance's place, and Monday morning the cart was discovered in the woods near the old Toll House on Harrington Hill. Mr. Graddy has as yet no clew to this most mysterious affair.

Death of Mrs. John S Murdoch.

The many friends of Mrs. J. J. Croswell, of this city, were pained Thursday to learn of the sudden death Wedday, at her home in Jacksonville, Florida, of her mother, Mrs. John S. Murdoch.

The deceased lady, who was Miss Wallace, of Columbia, S. C., was born in that city in 1822, and, upon her marriage to her husband, the late Dr. John S. Murdoch, moved to Florida, which has since been her home.

Presidential Appointments.

The President Saturday made the following appointments:

Charles M. Dickinson, of New York, consul at Constantinople.

C. C. Manning, of South Carolina, consul at St. Michaels, Azores.

Leander Bryan, marshal for the middle district of Alabama; James C. Left wick, receiver of public money at Montgomery, Ala., vice Harry W. Hunter, removed, and Robert Barbour, register of the land office at Montgomery, vice Harrison Purcell, removed.

Mr. William Hatcher Arrested.

Mr. William Hatcher was arrested by the Constable of Carver's Creek Saturday while he was at work at his cotton gin. He is under indictment for forgery.

It will be remembered that several years ago he was bound over to court for forging a mortgage. He gave bond and then fled the country. He returned recently and this morning he was arrested and brought to this city and placed in jail.

Big Storm at Hope Mills.

A big wind and rain storm passed over Hope Mills Friday afternoon doing considerable damage, among other things blowing a part of the roof from the big factory at Hope Mills, No. 2.

Heavy rainfall on Wilmington Road from Rockfish bridge to Willis's creek Friday evening, with hail in some sections, completely covering the ground, and a severe wind storm in the section of Wm. Alderman and Mr. Coat's farm, blowing down a number of trees.

We believe every body now sees through this goldbug cry of a "straight" (crooked) fight for '98. Their ultimate purpose was to send anti Bryan delegates to the next national convention.

Burning, itching skin diseases instantly relieved by De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, unequalled for cuts, bruises burns. It heals without leaving a scar.

KING BROS.

Phillips—Maultsby.

Wednesday at the residence of the bride's father, Alderman W. S. Maultsby, Mr. Edward Phillips, son of the late J. W. Phillips, was united in marriage to Miss May Maultsby, the pastor of the Baptist church performing the ceremony. The bride is a young lady in very delicate health and on this account the marriage was a very quiet one only relatives of the young couple being present.

We wish them much happiness through life.

Vim, vigor and victory:—these are the characteristics of De Witt's Little Early Risers the famous little pills for constipation, biliousness and all stomach and liver troubles. KING BROS.

Purvis Told His Doom.

L. J. Best, Esq., of Dunn, at the request of Mr. Clifford, one of Purvis's attorneys, visited Purvis, the condemned murderer of flagman Blackwell, in his cell in the county jail Monday afternoon, and informed him that he need have no hope of escaping the death penalty, that his attorneys would not appeal to the Supreme Court, nor ask for executive clemency, and therefore he had better prepare for the other world. Purvis listened in silence, seemingly indifferent to the words which took his last hope from him, and when the attorney concluded said he was preparing to meet his maker.

"They don't make much fuss about it." We are speaking of De Witt's Little Early Risers, the famous little pills for constipation, biliousness, and all stomach and liver troubles. They never gripe.

KING BROS.

The Graded School.

The Graded School opened Monday with Miss Matthews and her corps of excellent assistants in charge. In this connection we received the following note Monday morning from the chairman of the Board of Trustees:

Editor Observer:

There seems to be some misunderstanding about the length of the Graded School term. We expect not less than six months school, more if funds hold out. The school opened on Monday, the 20th. Parents should enter their children at once.

Yours truly,
JAMES M. LAMB,
for Ex. Com.

It heals everything except a broken heart, may be said of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Piles and rectal diseases, cuts, burns, bruises, tetter, eczems and all skin troubles may be cured by it quickly and permanently. KING Bros.

Property Values of the State.

The state board of tax equalization Saturday completed the summary of the returns of property values, says the Raleigh correspondent of the Wilmington Messenger, as follows:

Number of acres of land 27,763 853, value $110 463 977; town lots 82 998, value $44.886 585; horses 172.708, value $5 547 920; mules 125.052, value $4. 786,976; cattle 594 332, value $4.175. 556; hogs 1 280,140, value $1.582,876; sheep 334 280, value $317,396; bicycles 5,822, value $128 561; unenumerated property $58 755,100; bank stock $2, 739,846; foreign Building and Loan stock $146,201; state Building and Loan stock 134,808; dogs $3,184; total $234.142,594. There turns out to be no increase in the total over last year.

There is a time for everything; and the time to attend to a cold is when it starts. Don't wait till you have consumption but prevent it by using One Minute Cough Cure, the great remedy for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles. KING BROS.

More About Gilmore.

Neill Thaggard, Esq., of Cedar Creek, who was in the city Monday, told an OBSERVER reporter many facts about Alex Gilmore, the outlaw. He said that Gilmore came to Fayetteville Friday, and, after probably visiting the circus, rode as far as the Faircloth place on his return in Mr. Cogdale's wagon. That Saturday morning the outlaw appeared at Mr. Hair's place, and, after some conversation, asked Mr. Ras. Hair to lend him enough money to get out of the country. Mr. Hair refused to do this, and Gilmore disappeared. A posse was soon afterwards formed, but Gilmore eluded all their efforts to capture him. Mr. Thaggard says that Gilmore is very sly, and this, combined with the fact that a great many people in Gilmore's neighborhood are afraid to take action against him, not so much through fear of bodily harm as of some stealthy act, is the reason that the man has not been apprehended so far.

"I crave but One Minute," said the public speaker in a husky voice; and then he took a dose of One Minute Cough Cure, and proceeded with his oratory. One Minute Cough Cure is unequalled for throat and lung troubles. KING Bros.

Rev. Kirkland Huske's Narrow Escape.

That was a most narrow escape our former townsman, Rev. Kirkland Huske, had recently at his home in Great Neck, New York, an account of which we find in the northern papers.

It seems that Mr. Huske was approaching his home in a buggy when a big storm suddenly came up, and driving his horse under a shed, he sprang out of the vehicle and ran to the house. He had hardly reached the entrance when a great crash of thunder shook the earth, followed by a vivid flash of lightning, which almost stunned him. He then realized that his life had been saved by a miracle, for the horse, which he had just driven, lay dead in the shafts, the buggy was on fire, and another horse, a hundred yards away, was killed, and two men, who had been working in the Rectory yard, were knocked senseless to the ground. The two latter however, soon recovered.

What threatened to be a serious conflagration was quickly subdued by the great deluge of water which soon fell.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

The Telephone Company Changed Hands

The Messrs. Hawkins have sold their Telephone Exchange complete to a company consisting of several well known young men of Tarboro, who already operate systems in Tarboro and adjoining towns. Mr. Geo. A. Holderness is general manager of this company, and Messrs. Alex. Fairley and Henry Johnson, of Tarboro, are among its largest stockholders.

We are informed that the new company will spend over $2 000 in putting the system here in thorough order The following are a few of the improvements they will make: A new switchboard with capacity of 200 'phones. Long distance transmitters and induction coils. Return wire instead of the ground wire. One ring required only by sender, and that by pressing a button, central calling up the person wanted. And last, but most important, continuous service night and day. The style of this exchange here will be the Fayetteville Telephone and Telegraph Company. The new company will take charge Oct. 1st, and then the work of improvement will commence.

Cumberland Court in Session—Judge Sutton Presiding.

At the time for convening court Monday, it was discovered that Judge Ewart had not arrived, and Judge Sutton, who happened to be in the city, telegraphed the Governor to this effect. The following was received from J. E. Alexander, the Governor' private secretary, in reply:

"Ewart returns commission to hold Cumberland criminal court, leaving you to hold regular court."

It is understood that Judge Ewart is detained in the Western part of the State on account of the Lynchites trial.

Judge Sutton thereupon convened the Court.

Solicitor Seawell is at his post and Miss Robinson is on the bench with the Judge as court stenographer.

The first thing done was the summoning of venires as follows: In the Bishop Holmes case for murder, a venire of 50 men summoned for Thursday. In the Henry Simpson case, rape, a venire of 65 for Wednesday. In the Archie Young case, rape, a venire of 50 for Friday.

Messrs. D. H. McLean and L. J. Best, of Harnett, are the attorneys from abroad in attendance.

The court room is packed with witnesses and spectators.

Many thoughtful housekeepers save 20 cents on every dollar expended for Baking Powder.

No other pure cream of tartar powder of equal leavening power is sold so low.

Try one can of Carolina Powder, and if not satisfactory the dealer will return your money.

Manufactured by H. R. Horne, Fayetteville, N C.

Colored Baptist Church Burned.

The rain had just ceased and the wind was blowing its equinoctial gale at 2 a. m. Wednesday morning, when the fire alarm sounded, and to those who answered the call it seemed like a great conflagration must result. The colored Baptist church on Maxwell street, near the C. F. & Y. V. passenger depot and just in front of the old Novelty Works, was on fire, and light from the roof, which was where the fire evidently started, illuminated the whole city. The fire company was quickly on the scene, but the three streams which they directed on the building were weak, very weak, and the firemen had to work doubly hard to render any service at all. If it had not been for the slight rain which had previously fallen, the terrific wind which was blowing sparks in every direction, would have wrought havoc to the adjoining property. As it was nothing but the church building was destroyed. The building was insured for $1,100.

We understand that only 39 pounds pressure was registered during the fire, whereas it should have been above 60 pounds according to contract. The failure of the Water Works Company to furnish contract pressure may cost Fayetteville dear at any moment, and therefore it is imperative that the matter be investigated and a remedy called for.

Your Cough,

like a dog's bark, is a sign that there is something foreign around which shouldn't be there. You can quiet the noise, but the danger may be there just the same. SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is not a cough specific; it does not merely allay the symptoms but it does give such strength to the body that it is able to throw off the disease.

You know the old proverb of "the ounce of prevention?" Don't neglect your cough. A book which will tell you more on the subject sent free on request.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. Put up in 50 cts, and $1.00 sizes.

SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

Court Notes.

The Grand Jury, of which State Senator J. McP. Geddie is foreman, had presented the following true bills up to 2:30 o'clock Tuesday afternoon:

State vs. Van McRae, Heman Gilmore, W. H. Daingerfield, James Jackson, Frank L. Blue, W. H. King, Will. McLeod, David Moore, Will. Jones, Jas. Meakin, Jno Bruner, Jas. Phillips, Geo. Slate. Jack Purcell, Arthur Burnett.

Monday afternoon the following cases were disposed of:

Jas. Jackson, larceny, pled guilty; 4 months in county jail.

W. H. Daingerfield, carrying concealed weapon, pled guilty; open for judgment.

Tuesday morning the following cases were tried and disposed of:

W. H. King, larceny, found guily; sentenced to 18 months in the penitentiary.

Van McRae, larceny, pled guilty; open for judgment.

David Moore, Willis Jones and David Meakin, larceny, pled guilty; judgment suspended on payment of costs. Allowed to take the insolvent debtors' oath and discharged. These men are the tramps who some time ago were arrested for stealing ears of corn from a field.

Judge Hayes, perjury; jury returned a verdict of not guilty. He will now be tried on a charge of assaulting a prisoner while in jail and for attempting to escape. A slight sensation was created in court during the trial of this case. Mr. David Watkins, one of the prosecution witnesses, was asked while giving in his testimony if he had not said that he would shoot Hayes as soon as he was discharged from custody. He replied that he had said so, and that he meant to do what he said. Thereupon Judge Sutton ordered him in the custody of the Sheriff and later required him to give a peace bond in the sum of $200.

The Grand Jury presented the following true bills Wednesday: Isham Wright, burglary; Jas. Judge, larceny; Chas. Barge, larceny.

Wednesday afternoon the following cases were disposed of:

Arthur Burnett, selling whisky without license, judgment suspended on payment of costs.

Peter Patterson, assault and battery, judgment suspended on payment of cost's.

William McLeod, larceny, 4 months in jail with leave to hire out.

Sam Cromartie, obtaining goods under false pretense, found not guilty and discharged.

Wednesday the trial of Henry Simpson commenced. The jury has been chosen and the evidence is now being given.

During Tuesday afternoon's session, Miss Robeson, the court stenographer, missed her gloves from the Judge's private room where she had left them after returning from dinner. The matter was reported to the court officers, and as Jas. Judge, a young white printer, was seen coming from the room, he was arrested and the gloves were found on his person. The case was reported to the Grand Jury and a true bill for larceny was immediately found against Judge. He is now in jail awaiting trial. The only excuse for Judge's conduct is that he was drunk.

A great many men throughout the country, including plenty of really swell fellows, have got it into their heads, rightly or wrongly—and we are by no means sure that it isn't rightly—that there is no reason why any man should pay more than $3 00 to $5 00 for a pair of shoes, and to say the least, the idea has this foundation in reason, that excellent shoes are now made for $3 00. To pay $8 00 to $12 00 for a pair of shoes is simply throwing away money, and in many cases this is done to gratify a mistaken notion that none but your favorite shoemaker is worthy to adorn your feet. The recent improvements in shoe machinery make it possible, as shown by the well known W. L. Douglas $3 00 Shoe, to produce a shoe to-day that will compare favorably in style, wearing qualities and comfort with those offered at $6 00, $8 00 and $10 00 per pair. See the advertisement of the W. L. Douglas shoes which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Bishop Hood's Anniversary.

Never before were so many prominent negroes assembled in Fayetteville or in North Carolina as now, the occasion of the celebration of the 25th anniversary of the consecration of Bishop J. W. Hood. It is rumored that Bishop Hood will be presented with many handsome and costly presents by the different churches of his denomination throughout the country.

The "Grand Reception" took place at the Metropolitan A. M. Zion church last night at 8:30.

The following is the most important part of the programme:

Anthem, "Wake the Song of Jubilee.

Welcome Address, Mayor W. S. Cook.

Response, Bishop G. W. Clinton, A. M., D. D.

Solo, Mary Magdalene Williams.

Welcome address on behalf of city Clergy, Rev. L. E. Fairley.

Response, Rev. R. S. Rives, D. D.

Song with vocal accompaniment, Choir.

Welcome address on behalf of the C. A. C. Conference, Rev. J. M. Hill, D. D.

Response, Rev. S. C. Birchmore, D. D.

Solo, Rev. R. Alonzo Scott.

Welcome address on behalf of the Metropolitan A. M. E. Zion Church, Prof. E. Evans.

Response, Rev. J. W. Smith, D. D.

Music, Centennial Hymn—Scott.

Welcome address on behalf of the Sabbath School, Emma J. Council.

Response, Rev. J. B. Colbert, B. D.

Song, Five and Twenty Years—Scott.

Original Poem, Honor to Whom Honor is Due—Rev. R. Alonzo Scott.

Benediction by Bishop J. W. Hood, D. D., LL. D.

BEAVER DAM LOCALS.

BEAVER DAM, Sept. 20, '97.

The showers of rain that came last week were very refreshing and gave a new lease of life to gardens.

We chronicle with regret the continued illness of Mr. E. C. Fisher's little boy.

Mr. J. G. Bullard has moved back to his old home, and says Sampson county is dear, but not so dear as old Cumberland.

Miss Marcia E. Hall resumed her school today (Monday) in Clay Fork Academy. We hope to see her school crowned with a grand success which no doubt it will be, as she is one among the best teachers in the county.

Mrs. R. L. Hall and children of Cedar Creek, are visiting this week at their father in law's, Mr. Morris Hall.

We are glad to see the OBSERVER take such a bold and grand stand for a white man's government; if ever we needed bold, honest and aggressive leaders now is the time.

Autumn has come: the winds gently whisper it; fading nature kindly speaks it, and we are forcibly reminded that another summer is gone. How have we spent the time? Let us all remember the Holiness Song: "We are counting the mile stones one by one;" and, while time is swiftly flying, let us improve every hour of it.

JACK.

CASTORIA.

As fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

TRASHY MEDICINES.

Many such flood the market Botanic Blood Balm is a conscientiously compounded medicine, the result of forty years' practice by an eminent physician. It is the best blood purifier ever offered to the public, and is guaranteed to cure if given a fair trial Try it for all skin and blood diseases, including catarrh and rheumatism in its worst form. One bottle of it contains more curative and building-up virtue than a dozen of any other kind. Price $ 1. 00 per large bottle.

HOW IT STANDS AT HOME

Our retail demand is such that we buy Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) in gross lots. It sells well and gives our customers entire satisfaction. Our sales have increased 500 per cent. within a few months. We attribute its rapid sale to its size, price and merit. We are selling four or five bottles of it to one of any other preparation of the kind. It has failed in no instance to give entire satisfaction. JACOBS' PHARMACY,
Per Fred B. Palmer, M. D.,
Atlanta Ga.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN!

Surely if the word REGULATOR is not on a package it is not

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR.

Nothing else is the same. It cannot be and never has been put up by any one except

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

And it can be easily told by their TRADE MARK—

THE RED Z.

FAYETTEVILLE MARKETS.

COTTON.

Middling,	5½
Good Middling,	6½
Tinges and Stains, Market—weak.	

NAVAL STORES.

Spirits,	26½
Common Rosin,	85
Virgin,	1 70
Yellow Dip,	1 60

PRODUCE

Extra Flour—sack,	$200@ 230
Family Flour—sack,	275
Hides—dry—per lb.	5@8
" —green—per lb.	@3½
Wool—washed	6@20
Bacon—hog round per lb—	7½
" —ham	10½@12
" —sides	7½@8
" —shoulders	5½@6
Oats—32 lbs per bushel	35@40
Peas—clay	55@60
" —mixed	65
Meal—bolted—44 lbs per bushel	45@55
" —unbolted—48 lbs per bushel	50@50
Corn—old—56 lbs per bushel	50
Onions—select—per bushel	60@60
Lard—N. C.	7½
Tallow	2½@4
Ducks	15@18
Hens—per head	25
Spring chickens	10 a 18
Roosters—per head	15 a 20
Turkeys—per lb	8½ a 6
Guineas	15
Geese	25 a 30
Butter—choice yellow	12 a 15
Honey—strained—per lb	9 a 10
" —comb—per lb	8 a 10
Eggs—hen—	13
Feathers—new	35 a 40

LUMBER BRIDGE LOCALS.

A year ago we wrote you of the death of a prominent Robesonian, Nathaniel McNair, Esq., and we now with regret note the death of his brother Duncan McNair, Esq., which occurred at his home near St. Pauls, last Wednesday. Mr. McNair was one of Robeson's best men and an influential citizen. His widow and four of his five children are living. Among the number is S. P. McNair, of Wilmington. Had he lived until December he would have been 81 years of age.

Communion services will be held next Sunday in the Presbyterian church. Preaching the same day at 3 p. m. and 7:30 p. m in the Baptist church.

Mrs. Fodie C. McNair and little nephew Harvey McClure spent Monday night with Mrs. M B. McDonald.

Mr. A. G. Little has returned to New York City to take his last year in medicine. Mr. Little has enjoyed exceptionally fine advantages and the place that secures his services is to be congratulated.

Miss Fodie Malloy is expected home from Georgia today (Tuesday) to be present Thursday at the marriage of her sister Miss Annie Bell Malloy to Mr. Arthur Smith formerly of Lynchwood, S. C.

Housekeepers' Best Friend.

Mr. J. W. Goodson is in the city exhibiting the National Cabinet, one of the best things for the economical housekeeper. Mr. Goodson will gladly call at any residence and exhibit this ornamental as well as useful piece of furniture, if requested to do so by anybody interested. Notify him by postal card.

MONTHLY STATEMENT OF

CITY OF FAYETTEVILLE,

In Account with

H. O. SEDBERRY, Treasurer.

1897.

August 7. To balance,	$147 55
September 6. To amount from S. W. Tillinghast,	276 21
MARKET HOUSE ACCOUNT.	
August 24, To amount from R. H. Buckingham, stall rent,	$ 9 17
August 25, To amount from T. C. Vann, stall rent,	11 13
August 25, To amount from E. N. Williams, stall rent,	20 42
September 7, To amount from R G W Smith, stall rent,	10 21
September 7, To amount from T. C. Vann, scale rent,	6 25
POLICE ACCOUNT.	
September 8, To amount from W. S. Cook's Fines,	$23 80
	$504 74
September 8, To balance,	$186 28
August 14, By Scrip No 968, C. J. Ahearn, salary,	$ 6 25
August 25, By Scrip No 967, J H Benton, salary,	35 00
September 3, By Scrip No 989, C. Jones, lighting lamps,	1 00
September 6, By Scrip No 963, L. Mittledorfer, decoration,	20 00
September 6, By Scrip No 965, W H. Flowers, salary,	50 00
September 6. By Scrip No 990, Street Committee, Sts,	18 70
September 6, By Scrip No 978, Street Committee, Sts,	17 50
September 6, By Scrip No 971, Street Committee, Sts,	18 86
September 6, By Scrip No 969, Street Committee, Sts,	16 35
September 6, By Scrip No 964, Street Committee, Sts	17 13
September 6, By Scrip No 957, Street Committee, Sts,	25 17
September 6, By Scrip No 950, Street Committee, Sts,	13 17
September 6, By Scrip No 948, Street Committee, Sts,	18 36
September 6, By Scrip No 944, Street Committee, Sts,	13 97
September 6, By Scrip No 947, Wm Alderman, holding election	6 00
September 6, By Scrip No 949, E P Powers, services as Registrar for Election,	6 00
September 6, By Scrip No 958, J T McKay, for election,	7 00
September 6, By Scrip No 956, Chas Glover, for Election Electric Light, for self and C P Overby,	7 00
September 6 By Scrip No 961, B F Beasley, for Election Electric Light,	7 00
September 6, By Scrip No 962, J E Garrett, for Election Electric Light,	7 00
September 6, By 4 Coupons, 3.50, 14 00,	7 00
September 8, By balance,	$186 28
	$594 74

H. O. SEDBERRY, Treasurer.
W S COOK, Mayor.

LAND SALE.

By virtue of the authority contained in Deed of Trust executed by R. M. Nimocks and wife, May 19, 1897, the undersigned will offer for sale at the Market House in the City of Fayetteville, N. C., on Thursday, October 28th, 1897, at 11 o'clock A. M., the following described lands in Cumberland Robeson, Robeson, Harnett and Sampson Counties:

CUMBERLAND COUNTY.

Freeman Place, 75 acres, Rockfish Township.
R F Strickland Place, 6 acres, Cedar Creek Township.
M F Fort place, 2 tracts, 36 acres, Cedar Creek Township.
T J Underwood Place, 100 acres, Flea Hill Township.
A D McNeill Place, 100 acres, Carver's Creek Township.
Mike King Place, 100 acres, Carver's Creek Township.
Hemenway Place, 112 acres, Carver's Creek Township.
D B Colvin Place, 20 acres, Carver's Creek Township.
Nancy McDonald Place, 100 acres, Seventy-First Township,

ROBESON COUNTY.

Lucius McRae Mill Tract, 150 acres, Smith's Township.
Andrews Place, 75 acres, Smith's Township.
Fred Jones Place, 50 acres, Blue Springs Township.
Longfield Place, 167 acres, Lumber Bridge Township.
Jordan & Adcock Place, 26 acres, Lumber Bridge Township.

HARNETT COUNTY.

Byrd Tract, 300 acres, Stewart's Creek Township.
Faucett Cameron Lands, 885 acres, Anderson Creek Township.
Parker & Byrd Lands, 347 acres, Stewart Creek Township.
John F. Shaw Lands, 3 tracts, 912 acres, Anderson Creek Township.
Matthews & Shaw Lands, 56 acres, Lillington Township.
Luther Thomas Place, 136 acres, Barbecue Township
Harrington Tract, 121 acres, Buckhorn Township.
Nivin Ray Place, 50 acres Upper L R Township
D A McLean Place, 50 acres, Upper L R Township
Store and Lot in Dunn, N C.
Office and Lot in Lillington, N C.

SAMPSON COUNTY.

Dismal Place, 160 acres, Dismal Township.

Terms of Sale, Cash.

For further information call on or address either,

W S. COOK,
Assignee of R. M. Nimocks
or C. W BRADFOOT, Attorney.
Sept. 22, 1897.

OFFICE FAYETTEVILLE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING CO.,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., Sept. 15, '97.

Notice is hereby given that we have leased our entire plant, business and good will to Messrs N. D. Gowdy, Sam'l Widdifield and J R. Williams, and they are from this day responsible for all debts made in the name of this Company. We bespeak for them a continuance of the liberal patronage given us in the past. Persons owing this Company will please make prompt settlement with J. R. Williams, Treasurer.

H. W. LILLY,
President.

The undersigned having leased the plant and business of the above named Company, desire to say that they are prepared to do all kinds of Printing and Binding, and respectfully solicit your business, at all times guaranteeing first-class work at moderate prices. We keep on hand a full line of Legal Blanks at reduced prices. Estimates given on all kinds of work in our line, and samples furnished on application.

N. D. GOWDY,
SAM'L WIDDIFIELD,
J. R. WILLIAMS.

THE ÆTNA

Is the Strongest American Fire Insurance Co.

Has been doing business continuously since 1819.

Her Reputation is the best to-day.

Over Ten Million Dollars Assets.

Take out a policy on your property

B. R. HUSKE, Agent

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY Co., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 217

FALL AND WINTER GOODS

AT THE

HOLT STORE.

Having about closed out our stock of Spring and Summer goods, for which we thank the people of Fayetteville and surrounding country, we now call attention to our

FALL AND WINTER STOCK,

CONSISTING OF

Shoes and Boots, Ladies' Dress Goods and Trimmings, Men's Clothing and Pants' Goods, splendid stock Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

Staple Goods, such as Sheeting, Bleachings, Plaids, Calicoes, Outing Ginghams, Red and White Twilled and Plain Flannels, and anything to be found in a Staple Line of Dry Goods.

Remember, we sell all goods at less than New York Cost

L. B. HOLT & CO.

WANTED!

ANY QUANTITY OF POPLAR LUMBER,

AT

$10 for No. 1, $8 for No. 2, and $6 for No. 3,

Delivered at Our Yard.

LACY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

September 15th.

Fayetteville Oil Mill,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cotton Seed Oil, Meal, Hulls and Linters.

BUYERS OF

COTTON SEED AND SEED COTTON.

Our Ginnery is Now Ready for Work, and we Solicit Your Patronage.

J. R. WILLIAMS,
MANAGER.

The rapid increasing demand proves that Goose Grease Liniment is the greatest known remedy for all Aches and Pains, Rheumatism, Croup, Colds, Coughs, etc. It is for man or beast.

Needs No Explanation.

MADISON, N. C., Aug. 4, '97.

Goose Grease Liniment Co, Greensboro, N. C:

Dear Sirs:—Please ship us at once one gross Goose Grease Liniment. We are entirely out. Don't fail to ship at once Please give us jobbers' prices. It is the best thing we have ever seen.

Yours truly,
W. C. JONES & Co.

HOW TO FIND OUT.

Fill a bottle or common glass with urine and let it stand twenty-four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys. When urine stains linen it is evidence of kidney trouble. Too frequent desire to urinate or pain in the back is also convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, fulfils every wish in relieving pain in the back, kidneys, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passages. It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to get up many times during the night to urinate The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. Sold by druggists, price fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet both sent free by mail Mention the OBSERVER and send your address to Dr Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

—THE—

Enterprise Land and Improvement Co.

Notice is hereby given that the Books of the Enterprise Land and Improvement Company for subscription to the Capitol Stock of the said Company will open at the Office of J. C. & S. H. MacRae in Fayetteville, and Alex. Sessoms at Glenscho, on and after August 5, 1897.

A. SESSOMS,
Secretary.

Marble and Granite Monuments - and - Headstones!

The public is cordially invited to visit my yard, where they will always find a choice collection of

Monuments

—AND—

Headstones

to select from. My workmanship stands

SECOND TO NONE

in the South, and my prices are as low as can be obtained for strictly first-class work. A large lot of DESIGNS to select from.

Very respectfully,

E. L. REMSBURG,
Proprietor Fayetteville Marble and Granite Works.

LEON J. BRANDT,

COTTON BUYER,

Hay Street,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Papers For Sale.

Old papers for sale at the OBSERVER OFFICE at 15 cents per hundred.

T. B. NEWBERRY,

Thornton Block.

A representative and well established house in Fayetteville extensively engaged in the furniture business is that of Mr. T. B. Newberry, located on Hay street, in the Thornton block. The present store occupied comprises two floors, 20x100 feet each. He has been established since March, 1897, and has built up a large and constantly increasing trade. Here is handled a large and most complete line of medium and high grade furniture, carpets and mattings, toilet sets and house furnishing goods of all kinds. This is a regular installment house. You can buy goods here at rock bottom prices, either for cash or on weekly or monthly payments. Mr. Newberry buys his goods from first hands for cash, and is thereby always enabled to offer extra price inducements to purchasers.

A Card to My Friends.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C., September 1, 1897.

To the Cotton Producers of Cumberland and Surrounding Counties:

I am glad to inform my Cotton Friends that I have secured cotton connections with one of the largest Cotton Exporting firms in this section of the Cotton Belt, and will be in a position to handle the staple largely. My arrangements will enable me to pay at all times the highest market quotations. I will continue to buy at my old place of business, Hay Street, Fayetteville, N. C.

Mr. Chas. H. McLauchlin is still with me, and with the assistance of Mr. Andrew Broadfoot, whose services I have secured for this season, I feel confident of giving satisfaction to my Cotton Friends.

Yours very truly,
A. B. WILLIAMS.

HYACINTHS.

For early planting in boxes or pots, we have *choice* imported

Early White Roman Hyacinths, 75 cents per dozen.

Paper White Narcissus, 50 cents per doz.

Frusia (mammoth bulbs), 30 cents per dozen.

Frusia, first size bulbs, 20 cents per dozen.

We have also a full stock of Hyacinths, double and single, Tulips, Croeus, etc., for outdoor planting.

JAMES M. LAMB,
Sunnyside.
September 20, 1897. d6t-wlt

Personal Property to be Sold for Taxes.

All taxes remaining on the City Tax Books must be paid in three days, unless those who owe them want to force me to the disagreeable necessity of levying on their goods or garnisheeing their employer. Cost will be collected in every instance, so don't wait for me to begin.

Firmly your obedient servant,
S. W. TILLINGHAST,
City Tax Collector.

—THE—

Bank of Fayetteville,

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.,

Does a General Banking Business,

RECEIVES DEPOSITS SUBJECT TO CHECK,

Collects Notes and Drafts

Payable here and at all Banking Points in North Carolina,

AT REASONABLE CHARGES,

and remits promptly for all collections.

Capital Stock, - - - - $250,000.00.

No deposits received on interest.

H. W. LILLY, President,
A. A. McKETHAN, Vice Prest.,
J. C. HAIGH, JR., Cashier.

Fayetteville, N. C.

HARPER Whiskey is rapidly becoming the national beverage. It's the one thing all parties agree upon. Republicans, Democrats, Populists. Even the "know-nothing" party knows one thing: the merits of HARPER Whiskey.

SOLD IN
FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills.

Doctors Say;

Bilious and Intermittent Fevers which prevail in miasmatic districts are invariably accompanied by derangements of the Stomach Liver and Bowels.

The Secret of Health.

The liver is the great "driving wheel" in the mechanism of man, and when it is out of order, the whole system becomes deranged and disease is the result.

Tutt's Liver Pills

Cure all Liver Troubles.

Alex Gilmore at the Circus.

Alex. Gilmore, the notorious outlaw with a price set upon his head by two States, North and South Carolina, and one County, Cumberland, was in the city Friday and witnessed Harris's circus; at least he said he was going to do so.

About 1 o'clock that afternoon Bryant Wright, a well known colored man, was going through the Clarendon bridge, cn his way to the east side of the river and had reached about the centre of the bridge when he saw approaching him a figure he well knew, small, well knit, black and sleik of face, in fact Alex. Gilmore, the outlaw. Wright said: "Good morning, Alexander, where are you going?" "I am going to the circus, Bryant," said Gilmore and they passed on.

This is a strange case and we cannot fathom it. We have received reliable reports from a number of sources, stating that Gilmore had been seen at such and such a place, and we have it on the best authority that Gilmore has been right in this city several times, and yet he seems to be proof against capture.

The Cotton Crop Greatly Damaged.

The fine prospects for a large crop of cotton, a month ago, have all been swept away by the terrible drouth of the past several weeks, and now it is asserted by the farmers that the crop in this section will be only two-thirds of an average crop.

Our farmers are greatly disappointed, not only on account of the short crop, but because, coupled with this short crop the price of the staple still continues to go down.

Fayetteville is bulling the market, however, and the farmer is receiving more for his cotton here than in any other interior town. This, of course, is partly due to our exceptional transportation facilities.

Quarantine Officer Here.

Mr. R. M. Murphy arrived in the city Friday to act as quarantine officer for the city of Wilmington, which has closed its doors to all travelers from the infected yellow fever districts.

The Wilmington Despatch of yesterday afternoon says:

"Mayor Wright appointed the following officers to the respective stations: Officer James W. Smith will be stationed at Florence; M. Woebse at Hamlet, R. M. Murphy at Fayetteville, and J. W. Holmes at Wilson. Captain Robert Green will have charge of the squad and will see that they enforce strictly the regulations. Their duties will be to go through every train bound for this city, inspect passengers and prevent those from the infected districts from coming into the city."

NO CURE—NO PAY.

That is the way all druggists sell GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC for Chills and Malaria. It is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. Children love it. Adults prefer it to bitter nauseating tonics. Price, 50c.

Guaranteed and for sale by B. E. Sedberry & Sons.

Cramps, Colic, Colds,

Croup, Coughs, Toothache,

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS.

A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is

Pain Killer.

(PERRY DAVIS'.)

Used Internally and Externally.

Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Non-Suited.

The cause of J. R. Deal against F. P. Williston for alleged slander came up before 'Squire J. T. McKay, who had associated with him 'Squires Overby and Deal, Friday morning. After a jury had been summoned and various motions made by the opposing counsel, the plaintiff submitted to a non-suit, and judgment was rendered against him for the costs.

Mr. Geo. Brandt Resigns.

The Hope Mills Chronicle of Thursday says :

Mr. George Brandt has resigned his position as stenographer for the Hope Mills Manufacturing Company, in order to take a position on the railroad. George is a clever fellow, and his many friends wish him well.

Semi-Centennial of the L. B. L. I.

The Lumber Bridge Light Infantry will celebrate their 50th anniversary on the 12th of October next. The Fayetteville Independent Light Infantry have been invited to attend the celebration, and have accepted.

New Postmasters.

The following fourth class postmasters were appointed for North Carolina Wednesday: L.E. Stewart, China Grove; J. C. Mathes, East Durham; J. L. Dolby, Jackson Hill; A. M. Gemberg, Rocky Point.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

WHAT IS YOUR LIFE?

REV. DR. TALMAGE DISCUSSES THIS MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

The Kind of Life That Is Not Worth Living and the Kind That Opens Into Eternity—The Struggle For Wealth, Position and Happiness.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 12.—In this sermon Rev. Dr. Talmage discusses a subject vital to all, and never more timely than now, when the struggle for power, position, wealth and happiness is so absorbing. The text is James iv, 14, "What is your life?"

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophesy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river rises and some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that everybody asks the question, "Is life worth living?"

Is Life Worth Living?

Solomon, in his unhappy moments, says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good," are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist and that soured his disposition. One wife makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says life is worth living. In a book supposed to be doleful and lugubrious and sepulchral and entitled "Lamentations," he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The ancient prophet cries out in startling intonation to all lands and to all centuries, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair and blue eyes and sound digestion and generous salary and happily affianced and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tiptop of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are 40 miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will drawl out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no, no!"

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vacillating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much on which way the wind blows. If the wind blow from the northwest and you ask him, he will say, "Yes," and if it blow from the northeast and you ask him he will say, "No." How are we, then, to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on eastern or western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say, "Aye," and all those who are in the negative say, "No." While there would be hundreds of thousands who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and misfortune and trouble the noes would have it. The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me, "Is life worth living?" I answer, "It all depends upon the kind of life you live."

Money Getting.

In the first place, I remark that a life of mere money getting is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the millionaires. There is not a scissors grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when a bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or more probably they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them—eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into their bones.

Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths, he would find he is made up of copper and gold and silver and zinc and lead and coal and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many perditions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness will not come. They send footmanned and postilioned equipage to bring her. She will not ride to their door. They send princely escort. She will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches. She will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate. She turns away from the banquet. They call to her from upholstered balcony. She will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life not worth living.

Worldly Approval.

So the idea of worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life, he is miserable. Every four years the two most unfortunate men in this country are the two men nominated for the presidency. The reservoirs of abuse and diatribe and malediction gradually fill up, gallon above gallon, hogshead above hogshead, and about midsummer these two reservoirs will be brimming full, and a hose will be attached to each one, and it will play away on these nominees, and they will have to stand it and take the abuse, and the falsehood, and the caricature, and the anathema, and the caterwauling, and the filth, and they will be rolled in it and rolled over and over in it until they are choked and submerged and strangulated, and at every sign of returning consciousness they will be barked at by all the hounds of political parties from ocean to ocean. And yet there are a hundred men today struggling for that privilege, and there are thousands of men who are helping them in the struggle. Now, that is not a life worth living. You can get slandered and abused cheaper than that. Take it on a smaller scale. Do not be so ambitious to have a whole reservoir rolled over on you.

But what you see in the matter of high political preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social position. Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is social position? It is a difficult thing to define, but we all know what it is. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men today as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness who move in what is called high social position. There are hundreds of out and out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times in a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regrets without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth or a show of wealth is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social position is for you to buy a large amount on credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over and come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position? What is the use of toiling 40 or 50 years when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends, when you really lose your money how quickly they will let you drop, and the higher you get the harder you will drop.

There are thousands today in that realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in and whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on—pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium and a life not worth living!

All Dead Failures.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil, is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you send to that cradle or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription: "Better for that man if he had never been born."

But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says: "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry. Others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament. God gave me that. But here I am in the evening of the nineteenth century, at 20 years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body, which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put it to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing to damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship—the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes, hands with which to welcome or resist or lift or smite or wave or bless—hands to help myself and help others.

Here is a world which after 6,000 years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me—a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at 20 of age which defies all inventory of valuables—a soul with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics, a book with leathern cover almost worn out and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have 80 years for a lifetime, 60 years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently and for a long life. Sixty years added to the 20 I have already lived—that will bring me to 80. I must remember that these 80 years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. Now, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities. If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him.

The old book found among the family relics tells me there is a God and that for the sake of his son, one Jesus, he will give help to a man. To him I appeal God help me! Here I have 60 years yet to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop this body by all industries, by all gymnastics, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept and garnished and illumined and glorified by all that I can do for it and all that I can get God to do for it. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It shall be an orchestra of grand harmonies. It shall be a palace for God and righteousness to reign in. I wonder how many kind words I can utter in the next 60 years? I will try. I wonder how many good deeds I can do in the next 60 years? I will try. God help me.

A Life Worth Living.

That young man enters life. He is buffeted, he is tried, he is perplexed. A grave opens on this side and a grave opens on that side. He falls, but he rises again. He gets into a hard battle, but he gets the victory. The main course of his life is in the right direction. He blesses everybody he comes in contact with. God forgives his mistakes and makes everlasting record of his holy endeavors, and at the close of it God says to him: "Well done, good and faithful servant. Enter into the joy of thy Lord." My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at 30, 40, 50, 60, 70 or 80 years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words, "His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden times, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Mighty tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantua maker for the boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house, the spinning wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday, when she appears in the village church, her children around her, the minister looks down and is reminded of the Bible description of a good housewife, "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

Some years go by, and the two oldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, and the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influential and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after awhile he commands listening senates as he makes a plea for the downtrodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, starting at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they get old.

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out, one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and the homesick and taking the last message to kindred far away, so that every time Christ thought of her he said, as of old, "The same is my sister and mother." The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon—the forenoon having been devoted to her household—she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all along the way.

But one day there start five telegrams from the village for these five absent ones, saying, "Come, mother is dangerously ill." But before they can be ready to start they receive another telegram, saying, "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mother taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question, "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life, is always worth living.

Right Living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in 10,000 philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Methodism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth living, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany went to the front and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches and with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed to the door and said, "Let me go, let me go to my liebe mutter,"—major generals standing back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her and that people of all lands asked for her lighthouse and that the proprietor of the Adelphi theater in London offered her $100 a night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enacted.

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds of you today. You say, "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I don't think my life amounts to much." Ah, my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconspicuous, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down into the depths of all your souls. You are to be rewarded not according to the greatness of your work, but according to the holy industries with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns of heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace, but who despises the door of a Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life, if rightly lived, is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies! And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!"

De Man and Six Poached Eggs.

Once a man go travelin, an he get hungry, so he stop at a tavern an order somethin to eat, so dey bring him six poached eggs. He eat dem, but he did not hab any money, so he say he would come back an pay. In six years—or maybe it was more—he come back an pay sixpence for de egg. But den de tavern keeper say dat if he had not eaten de six poached eggs dey might hab been chickens, and den de chickens would hab grown up and hatch more chickens, an dey more—an more—an more—an tell de man he must pay £6 instead of sixpence. An de man say he would not. So dey go to de judge, an while dey was conversin a boy come in wid a bundle under his arm, an de judge say, "What you got in de bundle?" and de boy say, "Parch' peas, sa." "What you goin do wid dem?" "Plant dem, sa." "Hi," say de judge, "you can't plant parch' peas; dey won't grow." "Well, sa, an poached eggs won't hatch." So dey dismiss de man, an he neber pay a penny.

Dis story show dat you mus' neber count you' eggs before dey hatch.—Journal of American Folk Lore.

Emperor William's Pilgrimage.

There is a rumor that the Emperor William proposes to visit Palestine in the spring of next year in order to be present at the opening of the new Evangelical church at Jerusalem, which is now nearing completion. The three bells for St. Saviour's, as the church is to be called, have lately been cast at Apolda.

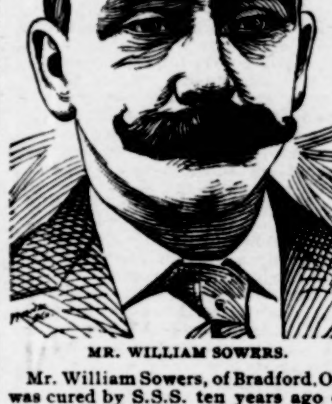
Steel Ball Test.

A method of testing the hardness of steel balls has been devised in Germany. The balls are dropped from a fixed height on a glass plate set at an angle. If properly tempered, they rebound into one receptacle, and if they are too soft they drop into another.

No Theory Here.

The greatest claims for S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) are made by those whom it has cured, and after all the most valuable reputation is one which is given by those who speak from experience. We could publish a page of what we claim S.S.S. will do, but the people prefer to read of what it has done, and hence we give the testimony of reputable, well-known people in different parts of the country, who gladly tell of how S.S.S. has cured them of blood diseases, after trying other treatment in vain.

No wonder S.S.S. has such staunch friends. The experience of those who take it to day will be the same as of those who twenty years ago found it the only cure. Blood diseases are obstinate, and cannot be cured by one medicine in a dozen which claims to cure them; so when S.S.S. is taken with satisfactory results, after a disappointing experience with other remedies, it is not strange that it has grateful friends by the score.



MR. WILLIAM SOWERS.

Mr. William Sowers, of Bradford, Ohio, was cured by S.S.S. ten years ago of a severe blood poison, and writes that to this day no sign of the dreadful disease has ever returned. He says:

"I had a terrible blood disease which is considered incurable, and was treated for a long time by the best physicians, but they did me no good. The disease seemed to get a firmer hold on me, and attacked my tongue and throat, which were soon full of vile ulcers.

"I changed doctors several times, and afterwards took nearly every blood remedy on the market, without the slightest benefit. After five years of treatment which did me no good whatever, I was induced to try S.S.S. This remedy proved itself equal to the case, for in a few months I was entirely cured and my skin was perfectly clear and smooth. I could hardly believe that the cure was permanent, but ten years have elapsed and no sign of the disease has yet appeared."

S.S.S. is a sure cure for Cancer, Catarrh, Contagious Blood Poison, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Eczema, and all other blood diseases, which other remedies have no effect whatever upon. It is

Purely Vegetable

and is the only blood remedy which is guaranteed to contain no mercury, potash or other harmful mineral. S.S.S. is sold by all druggists.

Books on Blood and Skin Diseases will be mailed free to all who address Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Hand of Fate

Hovers over woman whose health has failed, and such a solemn admonition should not go unheeded. There is a wonderful remedy which will restore your health, renew your vigor, and bring back the beauty and freshness of youth. It is truly woman's best friend, and gladdens more hearts than a multitude of other remedies. Delicate women, married or single, who need a true and unfailing, regulating, beautifying and building up tonic, will find a good, faithful friend in

BELLAMY'S GOSSYPIUM

It is endorsed by thousands as the only safe and infallible remedy known for painful or suppressed periods, ovarian pains, etc. During change of life it will wonderfully assist nature to a speedy and happy close. Do not delay, order to-day. Price $1, or 3 bottles for $2.50, prepaid to any address. If your druggist can not supply you, send to

BELLAMY MFG. CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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Alx. Senna +
Rochelle Salts -
Anise Seed +
Peppermint -
Bi Carbonate Soda +
Worm Seed -
Clarified Sugar -
Wintergreen Flavor

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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ESTABLISHED REPUTATION

The buying of a bicycle is a matter of serious importance. All your pleasure in cycling depends on your wise choice. In choosing the Crescent you run no risk. The unanimous testimony of Crescent purchasers—70,000 of them in 1896—should convince you that Crescent quality has no superior.

Western Wheel Works

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Quakers and the Inner Light.

The Society of Friends, commonly called Quakers, stands before the world as an example of people that for successive generations have believed and trusted in the guidance of an inner wisdom. It is not presumptuous to say that they are generally distinguished for integrity, worth and serene, successful lives, which bring forth the fruit of practical righteousness. It should be profitable to examine the principle upon which such lives and characters have been built and to discover how to apply this principle universally and to interpret it metaphysically.

George Fox, who lived in England from 1624 to 1691, was the first apostle of the inner light. He was a man whose faith in what he believed to be a God appointed mission—with lionlike courage, adamantine will and "sacred self confidence"—endured to the end of calumny and persecution. In an age of formalism and priestly intervention there was need to bring men back to the knowledge of the living God, the indwelling Christ. He says: "When I became 11 years of age, I knew pureness and righteousness, for, while I was a child I was taught how to walk to be kept pure. The Lord taught me to be faithful in all things and to act faithfully in two ways—inwardly to God and outwardly to man."

Out of an intense and abundant experience Fox and the early Friends recognized the inner light as the guidance of the Comforter—that true light, the "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world" and dispels the darkness of falsehood and error.—Metaphysical Magazine.

Meat and Bread For Invalids.

In connection with a meat diet, one of the most noted physicians has achieved immense success. His treatment consists, first, in prescribing the drinking of hot water an hour before meals; second, in restricting the patient to lean beef. This is scraped or minced, and then either broiled or fried in a very hot pan until the red color has disappeared. It is eaten with a modicum of salt and butter and is almost always followed by great improvement, if not convalescence.

Obviously this easily digested and nutritious dish, unmixed with any other, yields the greatest amount of nourishment with the least expenditure of vital force. To this end the destruction of tough connective tissue greatly tends.

The invalid should be wary of bread. To eat it rapidly, so that every cell is not submitted to the proper chemical action of saliva, is one of the causes of indigestion. The same may be said concerning all preparations that are not predigested—of buckwheat, oats, white flour, corn and rye. In other words, all starch digestion begins in the mouth.

Toast is recommended because in it starch is partially changed into one form of sugar, and when toast is said toast is meant, not bread brown on the outside, while damp and sticky within. Otherwise it is better to eat the bread cold.

To have a conception of the action of new bread one has only to roll a bit of a fresh loaf between the fingers. The result is a soft, doughy ball, about as impervious to the digestive juices as a piece of india rubber.—New York Ledger.

A Sleeper.

A sleeper is one who sleeps. A sleeper is that in which the sleeper sleeps. A sleeper is that on which the sleeper which carries the sleeper while he sleeps runs. Therefore, while the sleeper sleeps in the sleeper, the sleeper carries the sleeper over the sleeper under the sleeper until the sleeper which carries the sleeper jumps off the sleeper and wakes the sleeper in the sleeper by striking the sleeper under the sleeper, and there is no longer any sleeper sleeping in the sleeper of the sleeper.—Worthington's Magazine.

Tactful.

"It's always policy to laugh at a poor joke," says the Manayunk philosopher. "If you don't, the man who tells it may give it to you over again, thinking you have missed the point."—Philadelphia Record.

Wonders of the Infinitesimal.

There are so very many things otherwise unknowable which the little instrument helps us to know well, which would forever be in the realm of "the infinite" were it not for that tiny bit of convex glass, that nothing should surprise us in its revelations.

Take, for example, the red corpuscles of the human blood. One thirty-two-hundredth of an inch is its diameter. One hundred-and-twenty-one-thousandths of the entire blood quantity is red corpuscles. They are individually so minute that it requires a microscope of considerable power to see them at all, and yet their number is such in one man that if a chain were made of them, each corpuscle just touching its neighbor, it would be over 2,000 miles long.

Three gallons of blood in a man of 140 pounds weight is a fair average, and 0.381 of a gallon of the above is red globules. One cubic inch of these corpuscles made into a chain of a single corpuscle's breadth would be 3,200 times 3,200 inches long, or 1,100,000 inches. As there are 231 cubic inches in a gallon 0.381 of 231 would give the cubic measure of red globules in the above man. Thus 1,600,000 times 88 gives 140,800,000 inches. Reduced to miles this equals, counting 63,360 inches to the mile, 2,222 miles. The little invisible red corpuscles or oxygen carriers of our blood would then, if "hitched" together into a chain, reach two-thirds across the American continent. A single hair from one's head would make in caliber very many fibers as large.

And yet, small as these corpuscles are, they are giants when compared with many well known individuals of the bacterial world. Think of a body which has to be magnified 800 diameters to be visible at all. You have here some of the monococci. Yes, and these inconceivably small bodies are endowed with life, organization and means of propagation.—Microscope.

The Drag Rope of the Balloon.

It is not generally known that the drag rope, now so indispensable to balloonists, was first used by Aeronaut Samuel King of this city. "The idea of using such a rope," says Professor King, "was first suggested by the famous Green of England. He called it a guide rope, and he carried one with him in a trip across the English channel, but he never used it. Away back in 1857 I was making 'captive ascensions' at New Haven, and, having finished that business, decided to take a short voyage to test the value of the trailing rope. I had 150 pounds of rope on my windlass, and on a certain day I arranged with my assistant to cut the rope at the windlass after I had got my balloon in the air and let me sail off. I ballasted my balloon so that only half the weight of the rope, or 75 pounds, should trail. I got off all right, with my rope twisting along under me like a snake. A score of misguided laborers in a field, imagining that the balloon had broken loose by accident, grabbed the rope and held me. It took me some time to convince them that I didn't want to be stopped. I sailed along for some time and found that the drag rope gave greater stability to the balloon, but the action of the sun upon the gas worked against me. The sun's heat, expanding the gas, gave me a false buoyancy, picked up my 75 pounds of rope and severed my connection with the ground. After that I used the drag rope very frequently, and it was generally adopted by aeronauts."—Philadelphia Record.

A Five Act Tragedy.

I. Jones poisons his wife's cat.

II. He professes deep sorrow at its disappearance.

III. He offers a £10 reward for its recovery.

IV. Numerous animals are brought for inspection.

V. Mrs. Jones identifies one.—Pick Me Up.

Great Money Maker.

Pennibs—If you could own any copyright you wished, which would you choose—the most successful play or the most successful novel?

Spacer — Neither. I'd choose the mother-in-law joke.—Brooklyn Life.

C.F.&Y.V. CAPE FEAR & YADKIN VALLEY RAILWAY.

Schedule in Effect May 30th, 1897.

TRAINS LEAVE FAYETTEVILLE:

1:15 P. M., Daily. Arrives Wilmington 4:30 p m, Ocean View 6:00 p m, Carolina Beach 6:30 p m.

3:4? P. M., Daily. Arrives Sanford 5:02 p m, Ore Hill 5:?2 p m, Greensboro 7:5? p m, Walnut Cove 9:03 p m, Mt. Airy ?:00 p m. Connects with Southern Railway at Greensboro, arriving Salisbury ? 0 p m, [illegible]ville 2: 2 a m, Knoxville 4:00 a m, Chattanooga 7:?0 a m, Nashville ?:35 p m, Charlotte ?:0 p m, Atlanta 6 0 a m Danville ?20 Nt, Lynchburg 5? a m, Charlottesville [illegible] a m, Washington 6:?2 a m. Baltimore 8:00 a m, Philadelphia 0:? a m, New York 12:43 p m

4:45 P. M., Daily. Arrives Hope Mills 5:02 p m, Red Springs 5:4? p m, Maxton 6:11 p m, Bennettsville 7:20 p m Charlotte 0: 5 p m.

TRAINS ARRIVE FAYETTEVILLE

1?:50 A. M., Daily. Leaving Bennettsville 7:1? a m Charlotte 5: 0 a m Maxton 9:07 a m Red Springs 9:37 a m Hope Mills 10:26 a m.

12:45 P. M., Daily From New York Philadelphia Baltimore Washington, Charlottesville, Lynchburg Danville Mt. Airy Walnut Cove, Greensboro Nashville, Chattanooga Knoxville Asheville Salisbury, Atlanta, Charlotte and all points North South and West.

3:35 P. M., Daily. Leaving Ocean View 7:3? a m, Carolina Beach 7:00 a m.

J. W. FRY, General Manager. W. E. KYLE, Gen'l Pass Agent.

Wilmington & Weldon Rail Road AND BRANCHES AND FLORENCE RAILROAD.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

DATED Aug. 1st, 1897.	No 23, Daily.	No 35, Daily.	No 41, Daily.	No 49, Daily.
	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Leave Weldon	11 50	9 43		
Ar Rocky Mt.	12 52	10 35		
Leave Tarboro	12 12	......		
Lv Rocky Mt.	12 52	10 35	5 45	12 4?
Leave Wilson	2 06	11 16	6 20	2 1?
Leave Selma	3 00	......		
Lv Fayetteville	4 40	1 14		
Ar Florence	7 35	3 25		
	P. M.	A. M.		
Lv Goldsboro	......	......	7 0?	3 10
Lv Magnolia	......	......	8 0?	4 16
Ar Wilmington	......	......	9 3?	5 45
			A. M.	P. M.

TRAINS GOING NORTH.

	No 78 Daily	No 32 Daily	No 40 Daily	No 48 Daily
	A. M.	P. M.		
Lv Florence	8 45	8 15		
Lv Fayetteville	11 20	10 20		
Leave Selma	1 00			
Arrive Wilson	1 42	12 10		
			P. M.	A. M.
Lv Wilmington			7 15	9 35
Lv Magnolia			8 55	10 5?
Lv Goldsboro			10 10	11 5?
	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Leave Wilson	1 42	12 15	11 20	12 43
Ar Rocky Mt.	2 33	12 53	11 57	1 20
Leave Tarboro	12 12			
Lv Rocky Mt.	2 33	12 53		
Arrive Weldon	3 39	1 44		
	P. M.	A. M. P. M.		

Train on the Scotland Neck Branch Road leaves Weldon 4:10 P M, Halifax 4:28 P M, arrives Scotland Neck at 5:20 P. M. Greenville 6:57 P M., Kinston 7:55 P M. Returning, leaves Kinston 7 50 A M., Greenville 8:52 A M. Arriving Halifax at 11:18 A M, Weldon 11.33 A M, daily except Sunday

Trains on Washington Branch leave Washington 8:20 A. M., and 1 P. M., arrive Parmele 9:10 A. M., and 2:40 P. M., returning leave Parmele 9:35 A M. and 6:30 P. M., arrive Washington 11:00 A. M., and 7:20 P. M. Daily.

Train leaves Tarboro, N C, daily except Sunday at 5:30 P M, Sunday, 4:05 P M, arrives Plymouth 7:40 P M, 6:0? P M Returning, leaves Plymouth daily except Sunday, 7:50 A M and Sundays 9:00 A M, arrives Tarboro 10:05 A M. 11 00 A M.

Train on Midland N C Branch leaves Goldsboro daily except Sunday, 7:10 A M, arriving Smithfield 8:30 A M. Returning, leaves Smithfield 9:00 A M; arrive Goldsboro 10:25 A M.

Trains on Nashville Branch leaves Rocky Mount at 4:30 P M, arrives Nashville 5:?5 P M. Spring Hope 5:30 P M. Returning leaves Spring Hope 8:?0 A M, Nashville 8:35 A M, arrives Rocky Mount 9:05 A M, daily, except Sunday.

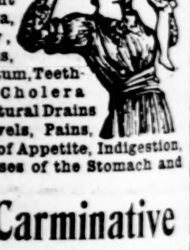
Train on Clinton branch leaves Warsaw for Clinton, Daily, except Sunday, at 8:20 A M. and 4:10 P M. Returning leaves Clinton at 7:00 A M., and 11:30 P M.

Train No. 78 makes close connection at Weldon for all points north daily, all rail via Richmond. Also at Rocky Mount with Norfolk and Carolina railroad for Norfolk and all points North via Norfolk.

H. M. EMMERSON, Gen'l Pass Agent,

J. R. KENLEY, Gen'l Manager. T. M. EMMERSON, Traffic Manager.

Mothers Read This.



For Flatulent Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Nausea, Coughs, Cholera Infantum, Teething Children, Cholera Morbus, Unnatural Drains from the Bowels, Pains, Griping, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, and all Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels,

Pitt's Carminative

is the standard. It carries children over the critical period of teething, and is recommended by physicians as the friend of Mothers, Adults and Children. It is pleasant to the taste, and never fails to give satisfaction. A few doses will demonstrate its superlative virtues. Price, 25cts. per bottle. For sale by druggists.

Administrator's Sale.

On Monday, October 4, 1897, at 11 o'clock, I will at Home place of the late D. D. McBryde, near Little River Academy in Cumberland county, N. C., offer for sale by public auction for cash, Horses, Mules, Cattle and Hogs, Farming Implements, House and Kitchen Furniture and other articles of perishable property belonging to the estate of D. D. McBryde.

B. T. McBRYDE, Adm'r of D. D. McBryde.

September 15, 1897.

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